

AFRICA SOUTH



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Special Features:

'I, HARRY OPPENHEIMER'

by A Special Correspondent

AFRICA'S PATH IN HISTORY

by Abdullaye Diop,

Secretary of State, the Republic of Guinea

THE AMERICAN THAW

by Sidney Lens

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APRIL-JUNE 1960

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FOUNDATION CREAM

With a clamour of newspaper headlines, a big business beauty parlour was opened at the end of 1959 to give the face of apartheid a less lurid international look. Consumer boycotts of South African goods abroad, derided to begin with, had developed dizzying momentum; the international trade union movement, on this side of the curtain at least, had at last lost its temper with South Africa's industrial conduct and threatened action against forced labour and the persecution of trade unionists; while the possibility of economic sanctions against South Africa for as long as its government defied United Nations authority over South West had at last achieved the distinction of corridor conspiracy in New York. Dr. Verwoerd could no longer be depended upon to secure the profits of white supremacy; the dividend cheques were to continue to arrive, it was essential for leaders of commerce and industry to assist him.

The backing which the new South African Foundation received was stereophonic. British and American branches were simultaneously announced; the first under the management of Sir Francis de Guingand, a high-ranking officer during the Second World War who now cultivates a profitable South African retirement among the orchards of British big business; the second under Mr. Charles Engelhard, the platinum multimillionaire, whom gold promises, Verwoerd willing, to make even richer. With Mr. Anton Rupert, Afrikanerdom's most successful industrialist, whose great trek into tobacco has unfurled the flags of the 'volk' as far afield as Canada and England, Mr. H. F. Oppenheimer, head of the Anglo-American gold, diamond and copper empire, and twenty-one lesser thrones, dominions, authorities and powers of the pound, they constitute the provisional Board of Trustees. It is South African finance in ecstasis.

Sir Francis de Guingand propagated his mission at the launching party. "South Africa is being undermined by an organized campaign of misrepresentation abroad, and it is high time to set up) . . . a non-political front to present the real South Africa to the world". The British industry that Sir Francis represents abroad must have mixed itself a speedy scotch-and-soda. Then the Board of Directors, spreading its wings, at last took delirious flight. The aim of the Foundation was "to secure South Africa and its peoples from the world community of



tions, of which they are members, recognition for the contributions they have made and support for the service they will continue to render towards the progress, on the continent of Africa, of a civilization founded and built on the Western European way of life and ideals, and of a sovereign democratic state essential to the assurance of Western influence and security on this continent''. Apartheid is ugly enough in all honesty: but with foundation cream covering her pimples; sufficient make-up to blur her features; a corset to press her bulging figure into shape; a platinum rinse to hide the streaks in her hair; and a gold cigarette-holder and tastefully-mounted diamonds to finish her off, it is hoped that the outside world will not look too closely at her complexion. Even if the cream and the paint that the Foundation plans to apply do not cover away her acne adequately, the glitter may be expected at the least to distract the eye.

It is pathetic and frightening, like a worn-out whore decked by the House of Dior; and the whole Foundation might be contentedly ignored were it not for the association of Mr. Harry Oppenheimer and a number of powerful press proprietors with it. Certainly its first venture into the exterior should have moralized to silence even the second-rate Scheherazades in the State Information Office. In between purblind conducted tours and flatulent reminiscing in drawing-rooms, Viscount Montgomery discharged such petulant inanities on the rule of Socialism in South Africa that he produced the effect of a cartoon character blowing bubbles with exclamation marks instead of words. Imported by Sir Francis de Guinand as the first of the distinguished visitors who are to return home as neon-signs for apartheid, Montgomery was really too garish to be believed. Within moments of his arrival, he attacked the United Nations for interfering in South Africa's domestic affairs; his top-gear visits to selected African townships and his conversations with prominent white industrialists persuaded him of the sincerity and justice of apartheid without the tedium of discussing it with antagonists; and, waving back the tide of world repugnance at Mrs. Mafekeng's banishment, he claimed that the Government was justified in its treatment of agitators. He made no effort to pretend an impartiality or ignorance that might later have fortified conclusions; and common-sense abandoned him completely when he commented on Verwoerd. Anyone who can call the Prime Minister of the Union "kindly" would have found

Stalin tolerant and Goebbels restrained; and one can only assume that the effect of Dr. Verwoerd on field-m Marshals is, like war, a form of back-line moral shell-shock. It is certainly encouraging. With Sir Francis de Guingand in charge of the beauty parlour, apartheid is likely to come out in bumps from her facials and lose all her hair under the dryer.

Mr. Charles Engelhard will doubtless experience similar difficulty in persuading the American people of his own candour and the bright benevolence of apartheid. Apart from his local platinum interests, he controls the American South African Investment Company, with its shelves of South African shares, and reason suggests that his primary interest in the Union is to keep the passage clear for traffic to his pantry. With boycott and disinvestment threatening to eat his cupboard bare almost as quickly as he fills it, he will do all he can to stop the mouth of discomfort and distrust. One wonders, however, whether he realizes the price that he may one day have to pay. He is hanging his assets fast from the neck of white supremacy, to fall in the basket if the head should ever have to roll. And the choice is not solely his. He is a citizen of the United States, acting as a self-employed public relations officer for the government of a foreign country to which the vast majority of its citizens are irreconcilably opposed. One is justified in asking what facilities the State Department would be likely to afford an American millionaire who devoted his energy and assets to the confirmation in power of the present Hungarian régime. And Mr. Engelhard's brace for the slipped discs of apartheid is by no means a patent of the Foundation. Regular appearances at dinners of the various South African chambers of commerce and industry testify to the zeal with which he enjoys the economic advantages of race rule. On several occasions he has attacked the importunity of the press in examining the produce and price-list of apartheid, with the bewilderment of one whose political morality is limited by the lines in his company ledger. All this undoubtedly endears him, together with his country, to the Nationalist Government. It is speedily, however, making the non-whites suspicious of the precise role that foreign investors, and the countries that house them, are playing in the perpetuation of white supremacy. The objectives of the struggle are shaped by the course that the struggle takes, and the Whites will have only itself to blame if it engenders in the non-white masses of South Africa a deep disgust at the hypocrisy of the

world.

Immediately serious is the presence on the Board of the Foundation, in congenial company with powerful Nationalists, of Mr. Harry Oppenheimer and others of greater and lesser influence over the career of the Opposition Press. Indeed the control or distribution of every English-language newspaper in the country enjoys representation on the Board. It is a sign of the small spirit of editorial independence still left that not all the newspapers found it essential to coo in the new establishment; the Port Elizabeth *'Evening Post'*, though represented through the chairman of its governing group on the Foundation, voiced a distinct discomfort. But this was almost lost in the chorus of brilliant hosannas that rose like altar-offerings to Head Office; and one cannot but feel uneasy about the future that critical journalism is likely to have in South Africa. A number of local newspapermen 'string' for overseas journals; and the Foundation's attack on the 'campaign of misrepresentation abroad' promises an early meddling with their activities. If apartheid is to be squeezed into a less reprehensible shape, the corset of voluntary censorship will be applied with rigorous energy.

Mr. Oppenheimer's presence on the Board, however, has additional implications. For he is not only a public supporter of the new Progressive Party, he is commonly reputed to be its pocket. Whether or not his cheque-book gives him complete control over the Party's policy must remain the province of an enlightened speculation; but much of the Party's present prestige and nearly all its newspaper support result from his known association with it, and only those too artless for this world will suppose such assistance to be utterly gratuitous. That he occupies a significant place in the policy formulation of the Party, however indirectly, will be widely assumed; and the Party's standing with non-white South Africa will therefore dance to the tune that his pipes are heard to play. If he thinks at all otherwise, then as astute as he is generally noised to be—he misjudges the degree of political schizophrenia that may properly be permitted even to an eccentric a figure in South Africa as a progressive millionaire. What he would do well—and his Party even better—to consider is just what part of the South African population it is most profitable to woo. Loyalty to the South African Government abroad and support for the aspirations of the non-white peoples are increasingly exclusive of each other; and whoever addresses himself to the first will soon enough find himself repudiated

by the other.

Organized African opinion is articulately angry at the establishment of the Foundation; one would have to travel deep in the wonderland of Bantustan, where the Prime Minister's puppets so preposterously perform, before encountering the patriotism of apology to which the Foundation is dedicated. Yet the Progressive Party has no future at all if it cannot gain at least tacit support of the non-white political leadership. Without it, like the United Party from which it split for the precise reason, it will wither in the bleached wilderness of the parliamentary vote. It is an unfortunate beginning for the new Party to have made. We do not believe that any number of interviews between prominent Progressives and individual leaders of Congress on a tea-sipping level will repair the breach in non-white confidence that Mr. Oppenheimer has blasted by his membership of the Foundation. And in lieu of Mr. Oppenheimer's immediate withdrawal from the Foundation, the Party cannot be too strongly advised to withdraw as soon as possible from Mr. Oppenheimer. The road to white-black co-operation in the fashioning of South African democracy may have many detours; but the South African Foundation, as at present planned, is unlikely to be one of them.

The new beauty parlour, we know, has many proprietors and even more willy-nilly associates; but its clientèle is necessarily limited to only one paying customer. And she, happily, is old as well as ugly. One wonders for how long she can stand the strain of being made over with quite so much industry. Too scanty a treatment is unlikely to do much for her looks; but too energetic an overhaul runs the risk of reducing her to collapse. We do not doubt that the proprietors are clear at their work; we merely think it prudent to ask them whether they are fully aware of the gamble they are taking. When the one client dies, as die she must one day—doubtless the sooner for her frenzied attempts at rejuvenation—will there be time and opportunity left to find another? And if the company goes into a final forced liquidation, are the proprietors and their associates likely to escape the effects of its insolvency? The search for beauty, we are told, ennobles and rewards. The attempt to disguise ugliness instead promises to prove not only degrading but costly.

PORTRAIT OF A MILLIONAIRE: 'I, HARRY OPPENHEIMER'

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

is used, of course, to being abused behind one's back—it measure, after all, of just how far one's arm can reach. But there are times when the distinction of being so talked about does not compensate for the hurt of what is being said, and one's dignity positively demands that one replies. Such has been my reaction since I heard that I was being sneered at as "multi-facial". The people, apparently, cannot understand how I am able to support the Progressive Party and the South African Foundation simultaneously. The first, they cry, presumes to be an infusion of new life into the parliamentary struggle against the Nationalists, while the second is a conspiracy of business men to "whitewash" (how degrading this political jargon can be) the Government's racial policies.

I find it distasteful and tedious to write about myself. In ordinary circumstances, of course, one or more of my well-paid Public Relations Officers would attend to this sort of thing. The charge against me, however, is essentially so personal a one that I could be failing in respect to myself if I left its rebuttal to others. In any case, it is not the first time that the accusation has been made, and I have given some thought to the matter. I have been sneered at for giving money to both 'progressive' and 'reactionary' organizations—how crude these clichés are, one feels soiled simply in the repeating of them! There was the occasion when a dozen United Party M.P.s rebelled against the treacherous poured vote policy of their caucus—it seemed then to many no more naïve that I should have been among them, instead helping to arrange their surrender. And then, in 1953, when Forch Commando wanted to "go to town", as they so innocently put it, against the authoritarianism of the Public Safety Criminal Law Amendment Acts—on the eve of a General Election!—I was attacked for having addressed the leaders privately to dissuade them from their brave, quite brilliant struggle. We thought it wise soon afterwards to bury the Commando; and fortunately some of my young men at Anglo-American were effectively placed there, so that the once useful—now rather too dangerously flamboyant—body of ex-service-backed away from the political scene. Rather too many of

its members were beginning to take their battle against the Government rather too seriously.

But I am straying from the point. You require an answer to the claim that I am behaving ambiguously by lending my name and inconsiderable support to the new Foundation as well as to the Progressives. I want to give you the whole picture, and I can only do this if I acquaint you properly with some facts about my family and its business interests. You will require to know not only "What does Oppenheimer want?" but also "Who is Oppenheimer?" This I shall attempt to tell you.

My family runs a group of companies which include assorted mines, producing gold, diamonds, copper, coal, etc., worth £160 million annually, and other concerns ranging from manufacturing and merchant banking to ranching and real estate. Our empire is composed of three main groups, the Anglo-American Corporation, De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd. and the Rhodesian Anglo-American; and the subscribed capital of these companies (of which I am chairman) is £336 million, with total reserves of £268 million. Our enterprises extend from the Cape to the borders of Kenya, and cover South West Africa, the Federation, Mozambique, Tanganyika, the Belgian Congo and Swaziland. Our annual wage bill is £36 million, paid to 20,000 whites and 136,000 non-whites.

I wish I could convey to you at all adequately the atmosphere in which I was brought up—the atmosphere of diamonds. You will recall that, as Rhodes on a large scale amalgamated the diamond mines of Kimberley, so my late father on a small scale combined those of South West Africa into one large corporation. To-day, of course, we control the diamond industry. My late father, incidentally, went to work at the age of 16 as a £1-a-week clerk in a London firm of diamond merchants. I and three brothers were also in the diamond business; and as we were very much a family unit, I grew up in an atmosphere where diamonds were more than a simple business pre-occupation. A deep love and understanding of diamonds, and an appreciation of their fascinating historical, technical and geological aspects permeated the discussions of our family. To say that we thought of them merely in terms of money is to misjudge and grossly misunderstand us.

After leaving Oxford, I spent some time in the London office of the Diamond Corporation, familiarising myself with office routine and establishing contacts with leading figures in



diamond industry of Britain and the Continent. On my return to the Union, to settle permanently, I took up temporary residence in Kimberley, so as to be able to develop my knowledge of the practical side of diamond production and of the valuation and recognition of various types of diamonds. Years later, when that difficult Canadian, Williamson, was causing us some anxiety about the uncontrolled sales of his diamond output in Tanganyika, my father chose me to go and negotiate with him. He snubbed me at first, but in the end we had our way. Now, John Williamson is dead. I am sorry. I found him amusing.

I might mention, too, that Kimberley, the capital of diamonds, was my birthplace (Harry Frederick Oppenheimer: born October 28, 1908). My late father was—not strangely—mayor there from 1912 to 1915, and Member of Parliament for the area from 1924 to 1938. I followed his example, and in the 1948 General Election (how was I to know that Smuts would lose?) I won the seat for the United Party with a majority of 2,266 votes. I won it again in the 1953 General Election, but the next delimitation placed it within the Government's grasp. Fortunately, I could plead that my business interests were demanding more and more of my time in Johannesburg, and it was decided that I should abandon the now shaky Kimberley seat for the Opposition bastion of Johannesburg North. However, my father's death occurred at this time, and with some relief I withdrew completely from the election battlefield.

Naturally, I had the benefit of a becoming education. I spent part of my boyhood at a well-known Johannesburg school, and then I was sent to England for the training (in which they so excel) that equipped me for my responsibilities in later life. I went to Charterhouse and then to Christ Church, Oxford (I won a scholarship in French language and literature there) to graduate a B.A. (Hons.). My subjects were politics, modern philosophy and economics; and my late father, I know, was glad of that. He felt that I had lived up to his highest expectations in the fields which mattered most—economics and politics. It was his pride, as it is mine, that I was not just an heir, that my reputation rests securely on my own achievements.

My entry into politics was watched with great interest. In Parliament I spoke with what people felt safe in calling "authority". At first, I confined myself largely to economic matters, but gradually I brought in the topic which interests me so vastly—the whole tumultuous subject of race relations.

Commentators wrote that probably not since Cecil Rhodes was in the old Cape legislature, had a business man commanded more respect in the House than I did. Others said that I had naturally assumed the mantle of the late J. H. Hofmeyr, South Africa's Liberal Finance Minister, who died of a broken heart after the 1948 General Election.

I could always expect a full turn-out on the Government benches when I spoke. From the Cabinet down to the most full-witted backbencher, they would stare at me almost in fascination. I, of course, was the personification of the Afrikaner's traditional enemy, 'Hoggenheimer', the opulent, Semitic capitalist. I must confess that their attitude irritated me. I am certainly not opulent in appearance; and, as for stressing my Semitism, I think they should be told that I employ very few Jews at Anglo-American. The late Prime Minister, Mr. J. G. Strijdom, once abused me as "an ambitious political opportunist"; but at least I had the satisfaction of always seeing that he pricked up his ears when I spoke. In their rather slow way, these Afrikaners somehow grasped the fact that of the two, economics and politics, it is the former which dominates, and for this they hated me. I recall, with some satisfaction, the time when Dr. A. J. R. van Rhijn, then Minister of Mines, in spite of himself, compared my late father favourably with Carnegie, Rockefeller, Ford, Krupp and the Lever brothers.

The Nationalists are always accusing me of manipulating the United Party for my own ends. Admittedly, I gave the United Party a great deal of money (£250,000, I think—I must refresh my memory from my cheque-book stubs), but it depends on what is meant by my "own ends." I would not go so far as to say that what is good for Anglo-American is good for South Africa, but in subsidising the United Party (when most of my business colleagues had washed their hands of it) I was merely doing the obvious and necessary thing. I formed the United South Africa Trust Fund, with 10 of my friends (Eric Gallo, J. B. Hagart and Claude Leon are with me again on the Foundation); and through this organization, which the Nationalists described as "secret and sinister," we channelled funds to the United Party. The Nationalists made such a noise about the Trust Fund that I had to issue a public statement, denying that there was any truth at all in the story that the Trust Fund was aiming at the destruction of the industrial colour bar. I also pointed out that the Trust Fund merely subscribed to "the

fundamental rights of man," and not to the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights, which, in the view of South Africa's delegate at the United Nations, went far beyond the former concept. In fact, the relevant clause in the Trust Fund constitution was drafted in the way it was *specifically* to express approval of the attitude taken up by the South African delegation on that occasion.

I recall an occasion when Strydom, in an attempt to impugn my patriotism, attacked me for investing capital outside the Union. He wanted to know how much capital we had provided for Rhodesian companies. I was able to reply that net investments in Rhodesia by our companies over the past ten years (that was in 1957) had been £5,600,000—and that during the same period these same companies received from Rhodesia £10,700,000 by way of return on their investments. I was rather proud of that reply: it showed, I think, that I was both a good politician and a good business man.

As I said, I have a fascination for the Nationalists. They are forever trying to discover what I am *really* like. They never cease abusing "big capital" (*die geldmag*), but when they see me in the flesh they have a certain awe of it. One of their journalists once detected an "aesthetic, idealistic strain" in me, but doubted whether I would be able to "maintain the momentum" of my father's era. How stupid of him! The buccaneering days are gone, but this does not mean that we are incapable of doing big things. Personally, I think financiers operate on a much vaster scale these days. Let me explain.

First, I want to sort out this confusion over whether I am a capitalist, or a liberal, or a liberal-capitalist, or whatever other term of flattery or abuse the public might devise for me. The Nationalist journalist to whom I have referred said of me that "Nationalists detect behind his carefully chosen words another voice, his precise thoughts the deep voice of big capital". Yet in the next breath Nationalist politicians accuse me of being a sentimental liberal who wants to hand the country and all its riches over to the non-whites.

It shows how hopelessly people misunderstand me. And yet I gave them the clue when, in an address to the South African Club in London, I said that "by South African standards I am supposed to have liberal views." The operative words, of course, were and are, "by South African standards." Here we come to the root of the matter, for during this past decade in South

Africa the political situation has been made to stand upon its head. The victory of the Nationalist Party at the General Election in 1948 turned everything topsy-turvy, and in the confusion the strangest things happened: the Church, the Press and Big Business, which usually form the retaining wall of the established order, found themselves swept along in what some people exuberantly chose to call the "liberatory movement." Anglo-American became an ally of the African National Congress! I am not noting this with regret, the circumstances demanded it; and if there is one facet of my character which stands out above all others, it is my capacity to adapt myself to the circumstances. When it was necessary to be 'liberal,' I was liberal; when it was necessary to be 'conservative,' I was conservative; and when it was necessary to be both 'liberal' and 'conservative', I was both. Nor should I be accused of lack of principle. I think I can fairly claim that, throughout my career, I have been faithful to a basic principle, which is that our family business should flourish. And if the situation is conducive to the progress of Anglo-American, it is also conducive to the country's progress. Perhaps, on second thoughts, I *can* make bold to say that what is good for Anglo-American is good for South Africa.

As we enter the second decade of Nationalist rule, however, the situation calls for a new approach. The violent, all-out opposition to Nationalism that characterised the first decade is no longer desirable. Recent trends (like the near-rebellion of African women in Natal) suggest that South Africa is drifting into isolation and insurrection. The overseas boycott, too, could precipitate a most unpleasant situation here. The temper of the non-white masses has been rising, and who knows when an explosion may not occur? If these trends were allowed to continue unchecked, and if, for example, we were to ally ourselves with the so-called "liberatory movement," the Nationalist Government could be defeated. But then we would have to share the victory with the African National Congress—and where, I ask you, would Anglo-American be then? The fact must not be forgotten that South Africa is the most highly developed State in Africa, and the most valuable one. It cannot be allowed to jump out of our grasp.

Consequently, we have been obliged to make other plans; and the first essential now is to take the edge off revolution, so to speak. This is where the South African Foundation comes in. It has a two-fold task, internal and external. Internally, it must

strive to eliminate many of the animosities which to-day are so much a part of our lives. The spectacle of whites quarrelling among themselves cannot but give ideas to the non-whites. Fortunately, we have prominent newspaper representatives on the Foundation's Board, and they will see that criticism of the Government's racial policies is kept within the bounds of temperateness. This applies not only to their own editorial criticism, but also to the criticism of the numerous organizations and individuals who use the Press freely as a medium for attack on the Government. Once the air has been cleared of animosities, we will be able, too, to pave the way for a merger of the two white sections. This is, after all, the only safe way to get rid of Dr. Verwoerd. All other methods will merely consolidate his position; we must undermine him from within. To sum up: the immediate task of the South African Foundation is to create an atmosphere in which it will be possible to arrange a coalition of the moderate elements in the Government and the Opposition. Externally, the Foundation will persuade investors that South Africa is returning to sanity, that—as I expressed it recently—if the country is a risk, at least it is a good one. An increased inflow of foreign capital will lead to heightened prosperity, and this in turn will take the edge off the non-white's desire to revolt. In effect, the advent of the South African Foundation reflects the return of big business to active politics. It is high time. My business colleagues have let the situation deteriorate for far too long.

Now, you ask, where does the Progressive Party come in? Perhaps you are thinking that this new, and rather idealistic group will undo all the good work of the Foundation by renewing the struggle against the Government in an intensified form. That is not correct. The United Party cost me quarter of a million—what did I get for it? The Progressive Party promises to be different; and all it has cost me so far is a cheque for £5,000 and my personal blessing. No, I need the Progressive Party for another purpose, which I have the highest hopes that it will achieve.

You must remember that, for a decade, big business has been without a coherent political voice in the country. Smuts served us well (although he allowed himself to be influenced too much by John Martin, who occupied—without my subtlety—roughly the position that I occupy to-day); but since 1948, I must admit we have been floundering. The United Party was quite hopeless.

This was not entirely its own fault: public pressures were too strong for it once the anti-Nationalist tidal movement got under way. I tried to steer the United Party in a definite direction from my vantage point within the Party's upper councils); and at one stage, after we had removed Strauss and installed Sir Eric Villiers Graaff as leader, I had hopes that the situation would right itself. I even ventured to launch my controversial Senate plan at the United Party's Union Congress, and I had the pleasure of seeing it adopted (although somewhat emasculated). But the conflicts within the United Party were too fundamental: there were those who wanted to force the Nationalist Party to its knees by attacking apartheid, and there were others who tended increasingly to seek a coalition with the Nationalist moderates. Graaff himself let me down. He is not only insufferably cautious and an arch-conservative, but his hunger to be Prime Minister quite tortures his judgment. I see no future for him in politics. He has rejected Harry Lawrence's suggestion that he should join the Progressives, and he is too much a United Party symbol to be acceptable in the new merger we are planning. If there is one thing I have learnt, it is that the ordinary Nationalist hates the United Party; the sooner we bury the name, the better. I have no illusions that a merger of Government and United Party supporters would solve all South Africa's problems; indeed, it would solve very little. But it is an essential first step. Once it has been brought about, the basic problem of race relations will still be there—and that is where the Progressive Party will enter the room. The Progressives have already established good relations with the African National Congress; and, in the period which lies ahead, they will have to equip themselves more adequately in preparation for the day when they will have to negotiate the terms of a more lasting settlement of the racial question with the non-white leaders. I am relying considerably on the Progressives.

And now I am finished. I have explained my position simply and, I think, frankly. It has been a difficult, but necessary, task. I cannot hope to have persuaded everyone that what I and my business colleagues are doing is the correct thing. The Nationalists, I know, will continue attacking me for "capitalist intervention" (as if they were not tied hand and foot to the capitalist system); and the liberals, no doubt, will sneer at me for being "multi-facial." But I would ask them, in all earnestness, to consider whether there are any flaws in my reasoning.

Verwoerd, admittedly, can be ousted with the help of the non-whites, but that means sharing the victory with them. Are any liberals prepared to pay that price? And it will be a heavy price! Trying to remove Verwoerd through the ballot box is utterly futile: this is accepted, I think, by all shades of opinion. Is there any *real* alternative, therefore, to the "merger of moderates" which the Foundation proposes? As for the Progressives, surely it is desirable, nay, imperative, that a white political party, conversant with modern trends in Africa, should go into training now for the day when its intervention will be needed? I am speaking the plainest common-sense.

I am genuinely anxious to improve race relations in South Africa. It is not only good politics: it is good business! I am genuinely willing to see political power extended to the more responsible section of the non-white population, even if this means having a black man in the Cabinet. What is wrong with that? Africa is changing, and we must change, too. The white electorate must be persuaded that, under my system, all the things that the white man really cherishes will be preserved.

Imagine that a Nationalist journalist should accuse me of not being able to think big! Picture the industrial revolution that will take place in Africa if the black man's economic fetters are struck from him! Think of the millions of skilled men who will enter the labour market. Think of the vast new consuming public. And if we arrange our political affairs carefully, we can achieve all this and still retain effective political power in the hands of the white man. The Nationalist Government, on the other hand (as I said in a speech in Pretoria), is "destroying white supremacy quickly and well." Its policies (as I pointed out on another occasion) will result in an upheaval, with "uneducated people still in a semi-barbarous state," being put in charge of this developing country. Do you understand what I am getting at?

I think I can claim the main credit for this exciting vision of the new Africa, yet all that I have done, really, is to allow myself to be guided by the interests of Anglo-American. Are you still unconvinced? How can what is good for Anglo-American possibly be bad for South Africa?

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

DR. ZACH DE BEER, M.P.,

Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Progressive Party of South Africa, is interviewed for 'Africa South' by

STANLEY UYS,

Political Correspondent of the Johannesburg 'Sunday Times' and South African Correspondent for many overseas newspapers

THE Progressive Party of South Africa was launched at a conference in Johannesburg last November. The founders included Members of Parliament who had broken away from the opposition United Party the previous August over colour policies. The conference announced a programme of principles considerably more liberal than that of the United Party's, but not quite as liberal as that of the Liberal Party's. The main aim of the new Party is to call a halt to the race war in South Africa and to offer a policy for the peaceful and prosperous co-existence of the different racial groups: 9,751,000 Africans, 3,067,000 Europeans, 1,405,000 Coloureds and 450,000 Asians.

The Party has appointed a commission of experts to examine proposals for a "rigid" constitution to take the place of the present "flexible" one, which the Party believes is unsuited to a multi-racial country like South Africa. A "rigid" constitution, it is claimed, would protect group rights, probably through a reformed Senate (Upper House), in which representatives of the respective racial groups would exercise powers roughly equivalent to a veto right. The right to vote on the common roll, at present denied to all non-whites, will be granted to non-whites with a certain educational qualification (as yet unspecified). All those who have been on the common voters' roll (and this includes the white electorate and some thousands of Coloureds and Africans) will remain on the roll, but all future registrations, whether of whites or non-whites, will be subject to the prescribed qualification. Alternative arrangements may be made for non-common roll voters—this group will include the mass of non-whites.

The November conference voted for the repeal of a number of cornerstone apartheid laws: among them, the Population Register Act, which seeks to label every citizen racially; the Group Areas Act, which provides for the racial rezoning of the

entire country, and hits particularly the Indian community the Immorality Act, which prohibits sexual relations between whites and non-whites; and the Extension of University Education Act, which bars non-whites from the open universities and relegates them to tribal or "bush" colleges.

Some of the most important conference resolutions deal with economic issues. These resolutions urged the abolition of the 'pass laws' and influx control, the relaxation of industrial colour bars, and the granting of trade union rights to skilled and semi-skilled non-whites, and to unskilled non-whites under government supervision.

In a question-answer interview, Dr. Zach. de Beer, M.P., Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Progressive Party, provides further details on important aspects of the Party's policy:

1. Time, you will agree, is important to the Progressive Party. If its M.P.s lose their seats at the 1963 General Election, the Party may have failed in its mission. It can succeed only if the United Party disintegrates further and releases from its grip more M.P.s and more followers. What processes, in your opinion, are at work encouraging this disintegration?

It seems to me that the United Party has placed itself in a hopeless position. On the one hand, it must attempt to propound an alternative to Nationalist policies. On the other hand, its decisions at the Bloemfontein congress last August represent an attempt to outbid the Nationalists for the vote of the reactionary white man who wants "to keep the kaffir in his place." The Progressive Party is now preaching the only real alternative to Nationalism, while the Nationalists remain the reactionary party par excellence. It is difficult to see how the U.P. can avoid being ground between the upper and nether millstones. I prefer not to attempt precise prophecy: I do say, however, that in any foreseeable circumstances the Progressive Party's position appears more favourable for the future than that of either the Nationalists or the United Party.

2. The Progressive Party hopes to achieve its aims by persuasion. What are the chances, though, of a prejudiced white electorate responding to intellectual arguments? In those parts of Africa

where the whites are most securely entrenched, the white authority has been coerced, not persuaded, into making concessions. Why should the position in South Africa, where the whites are the most firmly entrenched of all, be any different? Under what circumstances would the Progressive Party condone unconstitutional action to rid the country of the Nationalist Government?

Of course, there is a danger that the whites in South Africa may refuse to admit non-whites to citizenship until they are forced to do so. It is precisely to avert this danger that we have come into being. A racial clash must be avoided in South Africa and can be avoided by the adoption of our policies. It should be remembered that the white population here is, by African standards, enormous; and this means that the whites, being in a position to negotiate from strength, have less reason to fear the inevitable emancipation of the African than have our counterparts elsewhere. To persuade the white population to do this and save itself before it is too late is one of the primary tasks of the Progressive Party. As for any unconstitutional action, we shall have no part in it.

3. One of the ways in which the Progressive Party wants to switch the emphasis from 'race' to 'civilisation' is by opening the common voters' roll to 'civilised' non-whites. Although the required educational qualification has not been announced yet, relatively few non-whites will pass as 'civilised.' Is this 'civilisation' test, therefore, not simply a 'race' test in disguise? The criticism of the qualified franchise is that it is a device to convert the non-white 'upper class' into an ally of the white ruling class by allowing it to enjoy some of the latter's privileges. What is your comment on this?

We believe that constitutional government demands institutions which can be successfully operated only by civilised people. Therefore, we oppose a civilisation barrier, which is not a race barrier, since any citizen of any race can cross it. Our aim is not to align sections of our population against other sections, but to emphasize the common interests that bind all South Africans together and so build effective co-operation for the interests of all.

4. The Progressive Party urges the abolition of the 'pass laws' and influx control. Does it profess this seriously? Some quarters hold the view that the direction of labour is the basis of South Africa's cheap labour economy, and that its removal would transform this economy. Does the Progressive Party comprehend the implications of the proposal?

We are perfectly serious in our intentions. It is a gross overstatement to say that directed labour is the basis of our labour structure: since influx control was not imposed until 1937; it was not imposed in Port Elizabeth until 1952; it has at all times been necessary to apply influx control in such a way as to keep as nearly as possible in step with the demands of the economy, which have thus always been the ultimate directing factor.

After widespread consultation with people of experience, we are convinced that the heavens will not fall when 'pass laws' and influx control are abolished. We are thus entirely prepared to face up to the implications of our policy.

5. To press the point: the mines and farms enjoy privileged labour treatment because the wages they pay are not on a competitive level with the wages paid by commerce and industry. Where would the mines and farms get their labour if free migration to the towns was permitted?

Our policy specifically states that the special position of the mines and of certain sections of agriculture must be taken into account when one seeks to discourage migrant labour. We have said, too, that the raising of the productivity and earning power of agricultural labour must accompany the abolition of influx control. Finally, realistic assessment of this problem requires an accurate valuation of wages and kind and other benefits which mining and agricultural workers receive. As a general proposition, we must strive towards the state of affairs where, taking everything into account, these industries can compete with other employers.

One final word on influx control. Our cities seem to believe that Africans come to the towns in response to some almost mystical call. They do not. They come because there is insufficient work elsewhere and they believe they can get work in the towns. This means that improvement of labour

conditions in the reserves and rural areas will of itself tend to stem the flow to the towns; and that once the labour market in the towns is saturated, the attractive force will cease to exert itself.

6. It appears that the Progressive Party favours the relaxation of the industrial colour bar. The emergence of a skilled African labour force would transform South Africa. White employers would benefit vastly from such a change, but would white workers vote for it?

The rate at which the industrial colour bar can be relaxed depends on certain technical considerations in respect of some of which we propose an inquiry. Clearly, it is possible to frighten white workers with a prospect of skilled Africans competing for their jobs. All the real evidence, however, goes to show that this development, if judiciously carried out, will actually raise rather than lower the standards of white workers. It is the task of the Progressives, and of all enlightened people, to strive for wide acceptance of this prospect by workers involved.

7. Forgive my pursuing the matter: elsewhere in Africa—in the Federation, for example—white employers have maintained that the slogan of white trade unionists, ‘the rate for the job’, is merely a smug way of effectively preventing African advancement. These white employers want their black employees to become as skilled as their white employees, but they do not want to pay them the same wages. White trade unionists claim that this is proof that African advancement will result in the bread being taken out of their mouths. Why should the white worker in South Africa accept the policies of the Progressive Party in this respect, when he has the Nationalist Party promising special protection for the white working class?

Again, my practical political experience has taught me how effective Nationalist propaganda can be. Yet I believe it can be successfully rebutted by a determined opposition based on real economic facts and prepared to face the implications. The ‘rate for the job’ can only be justified in the terms referred to above if the valuation of the particular job is an artificial one. Where the job is properly valued, this principle

protects the worker regardless of race; and in the long run it is in the interests of employers, too, to pay wages which accord with the real value of the job done.

8. The Progressive Party envisages a 'greater South Africa,' embracing possibly the three British High Commission Territories (Bechuanaland, Swaziland, Basutoland) and also Southern Rhodesia. They would be semi-autonomous provinces within a new federal community. Is this a mild form of imperialism, or does it contain practical benefits? And, incidentally, does it mean that you expect the Federation to be dismantled?

The greater South Africa will have the obvious benefits of more diverse resources, a larger domestic market and greater national strength. It proposes the unification of territories and populations which share common interests and attitudes. It would be quite improper for us to express any views on the future of the Federation other than to extend our best wishes for its success, and very foolish for us to try to determine at this moment which of our neighbours might wish to join in the greater South Africa of the future.

9. You personally have been quoted as supporting the formation of the South African Foundation, an organization of business men seeking to restore South Africa's reputation abroad. A spokesman of the African National Congress has condemned the Foundation as a move to whitewash apartheid, under the stimulus of the profit motive. Are the aims of the Progressive Party reconcilable with those of the Foundation?

In welcoming the S.A. Foundation, I said specifically that I expected it to be wise enough not to try to whitewash Government policies which cannot be whitewashed. Provided the Foundation confines itself to the task of informing overseas investors of the innate soundness of South Africa's economy and of correcting false information which is current abroad, it is difficult to see how any South African can object to its formation.

10. The Chairman of the Progressive Party, Mr. H. G. Lawrence, M.P., has condemned the proposed

overseas boycott as a means of exerting pressure on the Nationalist Government. How valid is the view that peaceful pressures, like boycotts, are preferable to an ultimate, violent explosion?

I do not believe that any boycott is likely to have the effect of preventing the 'ultimate violent explosion' to which you refer. I believe that boycotts will, to the extent that they may be effective, harm the economy of South Africa and, in particular, cause suffering among the poorest of the people. To the extent that they have any political effect, I think, they will merely tend to consolidate opinion behind the Government. I associate myself entirely with Mr. Lawrence's remarks.

11. **The Progressive Party attaches considerable importance to federalism. Federalism, surely, is of value only if an individual province or unit is homogeneous. In the existing provinces of the Union exactly the same racial problems are encountered. What then is the relevancy of federalism?**

There is much truth in the statement that federalism is chiefly of value where the units are homogeneous. That is why a simple geographical federation is not enough in South Africa; and why we believe it is essential to have something in the nature of a 'racial federation,' in which each racial group (and these are fairly homogenous) will be able to protect itself much as the state protects itself in other federations. In addition, however, there are powerful arguments in favour of geographical federalism in South Africa. First, the decentralization of legislative and executive power in appropriate matters tends to be conducive to greater freedom and efficiency. Second, while the Cape and the Transvaal are heterogeneous communities, Natal and the Free State at least do have fairly clearly-marked local characteristics. Third, the territories at present outside the Union do consider joining us, it is probable that they will be more ready to take the plunge if they are permitted to retain substantial local autonomy. Finally, if the Nationalists are to achieve anything substantial in the economic and constitutional development of the major African areas, these will become units which naturally lend themselves to a federal arrangement for the very reason of their homogeneity. Our plans therefore provide for substantial division of powers both on a racial and on a geographical basis.

CONGRESS AND THE AFRICANISTS

(I) THE AFRICANIST CASE

P. NKUTSOEU RABOROKO

*Secretary for Education, Member of the National Working Committee
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SINCE April 1959, there exist in South Africa two Congresses: the old and the new, each claiming to be the direct heir and legitimate successor to the original Congress which was founded in 1912 and which styled itself the South African Native National Congress. Each of the two Congresses claims to be the mouthpiece of the African people.

According to its January, 1958 constitution, the African National Congress (ANC) stands for the "creation of a united democratic South Africa on the principles outlined in the Freedom Charter".¹ The new body, the Pan Africanist Congress (PAC), according to its April, 1959 constitution, stands for the "establishment and maintenance of an Africanist socialist democracy, recognizing the primacy of the material and spiritual interests of the individual".

For the sake of convenience, therefore, the use of the keyword from these foundation documents will be adopted to describe the new and the old Congress. Unless it is glaringly inconsistent with the context, the African National Congress will be referred to as the Charterist Congress, its adherents as the Charterists, and its policy, programme and philosophical outlook as Charterism. The Pan Africanist Congress will be designated the Africanist Congress, its members the Africanists, and its policy, programme and philosophic outlook as Africanism.

The Native Congress died a formal death in December, 1944 when its constitution was scrapped. That lengthy constitution was also its manifesto, and it spoke of and for the "Native people". The manifestoes of its successor, the African Congress, were the 1943 African Claims and the 1949 Programme of Action. These spoke of and for the "African people". It died in 1953, with the birth of the (multi-racial) Congress Alliance, and was finally buried in December, 1957, with the incorporation of the Charter into its new constitution. The manifesto

¹For a full text of the Freedom Charter, see 'Africa South' Vol. 1 No. 3.

the Charterist Congress, the Kliptown Charter of 1955, speaks of and for the "people of South Africa, black and white together". The Africanist Congress, in the 1959 Pan Africanist manifesto, speaks of and for the "African people", whom it regards as "part of one African nation". The basic literature of each body, therefore, provides the clue to its essential nature.

On the 2nd November, 1958, the Transvaal Africanists severed all relations with the Charterist Congress as it was constituted. "We are", they declared, "launching out openly, as the custodians of the African National Congress policy, as it was formulated in 1912 and pursued up to the time of the Congress Alliance".

The editorial in the January, 1959 issue of *The Africanist*, official organ of the Africanist Movement, stated:

"Our intention in this issue is to stress the inevitability of the step we have taken. Because of our ideological differences with the purveyors of the Kliptown Charter, it was inevitable that a struggle should rage within the ANC for leadership of that body. But the grave error made by the Africanists was to think that the leadership could be 'democratically removed'. Because it controls the machinery of Congress, this bureaucracy has so juggled with it that they were always assured of victory".

The Charterists allege that the principal target of the Africanist attack upon them is their "broad humanism, which claims equality but not domination for the African people". This statement itself bears out the main Africanist contention that the differences between the Charterists and themselves are mainly ideological. The Charterists have yet to understand that politics is a matter not of race or colour, but of vital material and spiritual interests.

The crucial issue today is whether the interests of the five million Europeans throughout Africa must continue to dominate over those of the two hundred and eighty million Africans, or whether the reverse process should obtain. This is an issue that no social philosophy pretending to have a solution for Africa's social problem can afford to gloss over.

Nationalism demands that the interests of indigenous peoples should dominate over those of aliens, because the country belongs to the indigenous peoples. Socialism demands that the interests of the workers should dominate over those of their

employers, because their contribution to the creation of wealth is more significant than that of their bosses. Democracy demands that those of the majority should dominate over those of the minority, because they are a majority. In Africa in general, and South Africa in particular, the African people are indigenous to the soil, are the real workers and are the majority. The right to the effective control of their own interests is, therefore, unchallengeable.

Following the dictates of its "broad humanism", the Charterist Congress needs must be wedded to the evolution of some formula wherein that control shall remain vested in the European national group, and wherein the interests of the African people shall be "judicially balanced" against those of the Europeans so as to achieve "equality and justice" between the two sections. It is the evolution of such a formula that constitutes the essence of multi-racial liberalism. By virtue of the logic inherent in its own constitution—a union of exploiters and the exploited—the Charterist Congress repudiates any movement that shows signs of being genuinely nationalist, socialist or democratic. The basic reason for the existence of the Charterist Congress is, therefore, to resist the transfer of effective political power to the African people. Charterism is, indeed, a charade representing a barricade.

The gravamen of the Africanist charge against the Charterists is, therefore, is that they have betrayed the material interests of the African people. They have sacrificed these interests upon the political altar of an ungodly alliance, an alliance of slave-owner, slave-driver and slave. The ostensible object of this alliance is the destruction of slavery and the freeing of the slave, and yet the real motive is the perpetuation of that slavery under a new guise. The Kliptown Charter, erroneously called the Freedom Charter, offers a classic illustration of the essentials of Charterism.

"And, therefore, we the people of South Africa", proclaim the ultimate clause, "black and white together—equals countrymen and brothers—adopt this Freedom Charter . . ."

To them master and slave—the exploiter and the exploited—the oppressor and the oppressed, the degrader and the degraded—are all equals. To them indigenous African nationals and immigrant European foreign nationals—the dispossessed and their dispossessors, the victims and their robbers—are all countrymen. For them the progressive and the reactionary—the African subject and his foreign overlord, the African nationalist and the

onialist or white supremacist, the liberationist and the laborationist—are all brothers.

The problem of the synthesis of opposites cannot be resolved by the wave of the magic wand. It is only after all these sets of mythical categories have been duly reconciled that we can reach those final categories—equals, countrymen and brothers—which betray no instability. Such ultimate reconciliation is possible only in Africanism, the final synthesis of these categories which the Africanist manifesto defines as “the social force which holds the material and spiritual interests of the individual”. In the Kliptown Charter the word ‘freedom’ does find mention in the title, but barely in the actual text. The Charter does not speak of independence or self-determination, and does not mention African nationalism or white domination. It does, however, speak of “the abolition of fenced locations”, entrenching by implication the invisible fences that surround Roosevelt Park and Orchards, symbols of white privilege and prerogative. Charterists aver that African nationalism is a “wave of black chauvinism, provoked by the savagery of the Nationalist Party”. They proceed to allege that “it is perhaps secretly encouraged and financed by that Party”.

Official Africanist literature sufficiently refutes the charge that the Africanists being either chauvinistic or racialistic. Suffice it to say the Africanists attach no political significance to the biological make-up of any people; but they do attach a great deal of such significance to the control of material and spiritual interests.

There is no truth in the charge that Africanists are encouraged and financed by the Nationalist Party. Barely a fortnight after the emergence of the Pan Africanist Congress and the release of its policy and programme, two Nationalist Cabinet Ministers, Mr. Swart and Dr. Hertzog, condemned it as a hot-bed of “the most dangerous and poisonous agitators in the country”. When the Bantustan Bill came before Parliament, it is common knowledge that the Charterists opposed it because they had not been consulted. The Africanists opposed it because they could never countenance the balkanization of their country by foreigners. “Another spectacular result of our Inaugural Conference”, comments the June, 1959 issue of *The Africanist*, “has been the shameless theft by the Charterist Congress of the programme and slogans of PAC”. After Mr. Luthuli had publicly stated on the eve of the Accra Conference that our struggle here was not

for independence or self-determination, but for equal rights. The Africa Day issue of *'New Age'* came out with the unbelievable statement that "we are against white domination, we demand the right of self-determination". *Who* are against white domination? *Who* want self-determination? For *whom*?

The Charterists have also stated that they will not bail or defend arrested people in their campaigns. How does this compare with the slogan of "no bail, no defence, no fines" announced by our President Mangaliso Sobukwe in the closing session of the Pan Africanist Congress immediately after his election?

The illustrations cited rebut the base insinuation that the Pan Africanists are the hirelings and puppets of the Nationalist Party. It is a desperate bid to conceal the fact that it is the black Charterists who stand exposed as the self-confessed lackeys and flunkies of the white ruling class and the Indian merchant class.

The Charterists deny that the 1949 Programme of Action is an Africanist programme, and assert that "it is a regular Congress document, adopted at a national conference on the initiative of the Congress leadership".

In the July-September, 1959 issue of *'Africa South'*, Stanley Trapido states: "The ANC Youth League, influenced by some of the radical conceptions of the All African Convention, provided an important pressure group within the ANC; and as a result of its activities and influence, the ANC adopted its now famous 'Programme of Action'". Over-anxious to conceal all tracks of their "gravitation towards multi-racial liberalism" the Charterists must falsify history. The preamble to that Programme speaks the language of the Africanists. It speaks of 'national freedom', 'independence' and 'white domination', all of which concepts are taboo in Charterist circles. Smarting at the wonder that the Charterists cannot afford to quote it.

"The fundamental principles of the Programme of Action" proclaims the preamble, "are inspired by the desire to achieve national freedom. By national freedom we mean freedom from white domination and the attainment of political independence . . ."

Such is the declaratory statement introducing this Programme in this setting out of a series of tactical weapons such as boycotts, civil disobedience campaigns, non-co-operation activities and national stoppages of work. This Programme is Africanist both in spirit and letter.

The genesis and history of the ANC Youth League shows why the Programme is what it is and why the PAC is the real offshoot of the ANC, both on the ideological and political planes. The ANC Youth League was born at a meeting held at the Domestic and Cultural Workers' Club Hall in Diagonal Street, Johannesburg, in October, 1943; a meeting convened and presided over by the present writer. Soon afterwards, the League released a manifesto and adopted a basic policy which declared its aims and objects to be, *inter alia*:

To rally and unite the African youth into one national front on the basis of African nationalism.

To give force, direction and vigour to the struggle of the African people for freedom.

The basic policy also gave the following resumé of the historic tasks of the liberation movement:

The creation of a united nation out of the heterogeneous tribes.
The freeing of Africa from foreign domination and foreign leadership.

The creation of conditions which would enable Africa to make her own contribution to human progress and happiness.

With their abandonment of African nationalism and its historic tasks, and following their active identification with the ideas and programme of the ruling class, the Charterist leadership has deflected both ideologically and politically from the true course of the liberatory movement which this Programme provided.

A comparison of these principles with those of PAC shows strikingly how consistent and continuous the evolution of the ideas of the Africanists has been. The aims and objects of PAC, indeed, are founded on a coalescence of the aims of the ANC Youth League and of the historic tasks of African nationalism; and they are, *inter alia*:

To unite and to rally the African people into one national front on the basis of African nationalism.

To fight for the overthrow of white domination and for the implementation and maintenance of the right of self-determination for the African people.

To work and strive for the establishment and the maintenance of an Africanist socialist democracy, recognizing the primacy of the material and spiritual interests of the individual.

To advance the concept of the Federation of Southern Africa and of Pan Africanism.

The Africanists are the former members of the original ANC Youth League, the hard core who remained unswervingly loyal to the ideas and principles of the liberatory movement when disintegration set into it and gravitation began towards the ideas of such movements of the ruling class as Moral Rearmament, the Congress of Democrats and the Liberal Party. Most of the foundation members of PAC are former members of the League and these were all *ex-officio* members of the ANC. The top leaders of PAC are, without exception, former members of the Youth League.

The Africanists gave the famous Programme of Action to the ANC; and it was from this programme that the historic Defiance Campaign flowed. It was as Youth Leaguers that they mainly planned, organised and executed that campaign. Many of the present top leaders of PAC, including the writer himself, served prison sentences for leading 'defiance' batches into action. Africanists have shouldered the burden of many an ANC campaign, such as the various bus boycotts. Some Africanists were cited as treason co-conspirators, some have been treason suspects and some are treason trialists today. Even in the abortive and mishandled campaign against passes for women, Africanist womanhood has played its part.

As the mouthpiece of the African people, and not of "the people of South Africa", the Africanists consider themselves as the direct heirs and legitimate successors of both the Native and African Congresses; the custodians of the policy and programme of the original Congresses. Within the ANC itself, they have resisted and repudiated all overt signs and symbols of ideological deflection and susceptibility to external control. Africanist leaders are tried and tested men and women, who have both ideologically and politically remained "sea greener incorruptibles".

Both Kliptown Charterism and multi-racial liberalism are different facets of the same ideological block, and both have already been shown to constitute open sabotage of the liberatory movement of the African people. It remains to demonstrate Charterist tactics to be a chip of the same block.

In March, 1958, a National Workers' Conference decided to call a three day strike² as a protest against the travesty of a general election which debarred the majority from any participation. In taking this political decision, this *ad hoc* body was openly

²See *Africa South* Vol. II No. 4—"The Strike That Failed" by Stanley Uys.

botaging the ANC by deliberately by-passing it and openly usurping its function. In that campaign the ANC was to be relegated to the role of supporting the workers.

The campaign had a threefold object: to cut down to size the prestige and reputation of the ANC; to give a working-class character to the liberatory struggle; and to oust the Nationalist Party in favour of the United Party.

The fact that the national stoppage of work day, June 26th, had been a resounding success the previous year had enhanced the prestige and advanced the reputation of the ANC as representative of the African people. As that stoppage of work flowed from the nation-building programme of 1949, the appeal had obviously been to the Africans as a nation. This fact struck error into the hearts of the white pseudo-leftist directorate of the ANC.

Accordingly, the South African Congress of Trade Unions, a multi-racial body representing a handful of trade unions which exist largely on paper, convened the Workers' Conference to launch this political strike and to stampede the majority of trade unions which were non-SACTU and the National Working Committee of the ANC into supporting the workers. In this way the struggle would assume a working-class character.

The exhortation of 'End Nationalist Rule' on the posters showed the desire of the directorate to use the African and Indian masses as a touting machine for the United Party. The strike was a damp squib. The ANC which had merely announced support for it, called it off on the first day. And the majority of voters re-elected the Nationalists and demonstrated the solidarity of the white ruling class.

The campaign had failed in its objective of deposing the Nationalist Party and installing the United Party, and in that of making the African people "working-class conscious", so that they could be used as a nucleus for the working-class struggle. It had, however, succeeded in crippling the ANC. The sacrifice of African nationalism on the altar of Charterism proved the last straw in the relationship between Charterists and the Africanists. Although on June 26th the Africanists were still members of the ANC, the movement was so crippled that it failed to issue a call for a stay-at-home. Following the secession of the Africanists, and haunted by the ghost of the stay-at-homeiasco, the Charterists again failed to call for a national stoppage on June 26th of this year.

The Charterist movement represents the interests of both the ruling class and the subject classes, and finds itself, therefore, neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring. It reflects, in the words of Joe Matthews, "the aspirations of all those classes striving for democratic change. That is why", Matthews continues, "it is so ridiculous to describe the Freedom Charter as a socialist or a communist programme."³

Mr. A. Luthuli, President-General of the ANC, has said: "All I ask for is a good government. What does it matter whether it is a black government or a white government? Let it be a white government as long as it is a good government and passes good laws". All that the Charterists stand for is benevolent despotism, unmindful of the fact that self-government is more important than good government, and that there can be no good government without self-government. Charterism is clearly the antithesis of freedom and independence.

In sharp contrast to the ex-chief's statement, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, told the opening session of the All African People's Conference in Accra, that:

"This decade is the decade of African independence. We welcome into our midst peoples of all other nations who desire to live among us in peace and equality. But they must respect us and our rights, our right as the majority to rule. That, as our Western friends have taught us to understand it, is the essence of democracy".

The Africanists may be allowed to add: "But they must respect us and our rights, our right as the indigenous peoples, our right as the workers and peasants and our right as the majority to rule. These rights, as our Western friends have taught us to understand, constitute the essential elements of nationalism, socialism and democracy".

The African people are determined to liberate themselves and to establish and maintain an Africanist socialist democracy which will recognize the primacy of the material and spiritual interests of the individual, and which will be, according to the Africanist manifesto, "original in conception, Africanistic in orientation, socialistic in content, democratic in form, and creative in purpose . . . a democracy in which man shall at last find his true self and in which the human personality shall blossom to the full".

³See *Africa South* Vol. III No. 4 — 'Revolution: Further Reflections' by Joe Matthews.

(2) CONGRESS REPLIES

DUMA NOKWE

Secretary-General of the African National Congress

One of the 91 still standing trial on charges of High Treason

It is a pity that one has to take the Africanists so seriously. Left to their prose, they inject an element of unconscious comedy into the political struggle that stays uniformly savage, very much as though a one-act Victorian melodrama were being performed in the middle of a battle. Yet it is seriously that they must be taken. Though they claimed at their inaugural Congress in April last year that they would have 100,000 members by July, they have succeeded to date in recruiting some 2,500; so that it is clearly not in the power of their popular following that they attract attention. It matters, of course, that they should exist at all, that the poisonous and sterile racialism that they often espouse should find the shaky support of even 2,500 converts. For this, of course, the bludgeons of white supremacy are alone to blame. The intransigence of apartheid must inevitably lead to black intransigence equally demented. Yet it is that the reaction could be so minute that is perhaps the most significant aspect of the Africanist phenomenon. The 2,500 odd members who are important precisely because they are only 2,500; because, in the face of every incentive to political distraction, to the convulsions of a meaningless race arrogance and hatred, Africans maintain and indeed persistently expand their allegiance to the democratic, multi-racial character of the Congress movement.

Mr. Raboroko claims that the difference between the Congress movement and the Africanists is ideological; he states—with the aplomb—that: “The Charterists have yet to understand that politics is a matter not of race or colour, but of vital material and spiritual interests”. In the very next paragraph of his exposition, however, he continues: “The crucial issue today is whether the interests of the five million Europeans throughout Africa must continue to dominate over those of the two hundred and eighty million Africans, or whether the reverse process should be set in”.

Only the Africanists can reconcile the patent contradiction in these two paragraphs; and one must leave the independent reader to discover the meaning of the more abstruse passages,

unintelligible to me, such as: "The problem of synthesis of opposites cannot be resolved by the wave of the magic wand. It is only after all these sets of antithetical categories have been duly reconciled that we can reach those final categories—equal countrymen and brothers—which betray no instability. Such ultimate reconciliation is possible only in Africanism, the final synthesis of these categories which the Africanist manifests and defines as 'the social force which upholds the material and spiritual interests of the individual'."

What exactly is the policy of the Africanists? And why on earth can it not be simply stated? In one paragraph, they apparently reject all concepts of race and colour; in the next they argue for the domination of the Europeans by the Africans; later still, there seems to be a sudden and inexplicable reconciliation of the interests of Africans and Europeans alike. Are they generating these deliberate ambiguities in order to seem anti-white to the Africans and non-racialist to the whites? A striking feature of their policy is its silence on the fundamental political and economic rights of the people. Do they accept the principle of adult universal suffrage? Would they distribute the land and wealth of South Africa to all? Or do they believe that only the Africans, as indigenous, are entitled to fundamental political and economic rights? Do they avoid any concrete policy on these questions precisely because they refuse to be committed one way or the other?

For the Congress Movement, the choice confronting South Africa has never been between the political domination of the nine and a half million Africans by the three million whites, and the absolute reverse. On the contrary, the African National Congress has, since its inception, struggled for the extension of basic political and economic rights to all persons; and has constantly condemned all forms of racial discrimination.

The Africanists are not, of course, the first to attack the alliance of the African National Congress with the Indian Congress and representatives of other racial groups. In 1948 a group led by the late Selope-Thema was ultimately expelled from Congress for its sabotage of the multi-racial alliance. Forming themselves into an organization called the A.N.C. National Minded Bloc, they attacked the leaders of the African National Congress as "paid agents of the Indian merchants." Very little is heard of the National Minded Bloc these days. Towards the close of his life, Selope-Thema joined Moral I

ment. Then there was the Bantu National Congress of 1945, Bhengu, which called for a purified "Bantu" organization and no co-operation with Indian and other racial groups. After a few weeks, Bhengu announced a following of 2,000,000 and promised to represent the Bantu at U.N.O. Then, shortly afterwards, he was convicted of a non-political offence, and his Congress disintegrated. Finally, there was the Supreme Council of African Organizations, a body with uncertain aims but clear strategy—it persistently issued propaganda hostile to Congress campaigns. It also called upon the Africans to renounce the "Indian-directed" Congress Movement; it also is heard of no more.

The Pan-Africanist Movement cannot, of course, be a resurrection of these political caricatures, for many of its present members joined us in condemning the empty bigotry of these previous organizations at the time. Have they forgotten? Have they forgotten the part that they themselves played in forging the multi-racial structure of the Congress Movement?

In 1946, five years before the Africanists allege that the A.N.C. was buried in the multi-racial alliance, Dr. A. B. Xuma (then President of the African National Congress) entered into an agreement with Dr. Y. M. Dadoo (then President of the Transvaal Indian Congress) and Dr. G. M. Naicker (President of the Natal Indian Congress) by which the African and Indian Congresses would work together on all matters of common concern in their fight against white domination. This agreement is commonly known as the Dadoo-Xuma-Naicker Pact, and it was confirmed at the annual conference of the A.N.C. in 1946. At no stage have any of the Africanists questioned this pact; nor have they asked the A.N.C. to repudiate or rescind it. They themselves claim credit for having given to the A.N.C. "the famous programme of action from which the historic Defiance Campaign flowed". Yet it was this very African-Indian alliance, established by the 1946 Pact, that led to the campaign and developed the multi-racial Congress Movement. The fundamental feature of the Defiance Campaign was precisely its multi-racial character. The whole plan out of which it developed was prepared by a Joint Planning Council consisting of representatives from the A.N.C. and South African Indian Congress (S.A.I.C.); and the plan was then approved at the Bloemfontein Conference of the A.N.C. in December, 1951. Its preamble, the plan categorically states that South Africa

belongs to all who live in it; and before and during the Campaign itself, A.N.C. and S.A.I.C. alike invited all who loved democracy, irrespective of race or colour, to participate in this defiance of unjust laws. Indeed, those Africanists who proudly claim to have participated in planning and organizing the Campaign were working in close and constant co-operation with Indians and Europeans all the time, defying the laws together with members of these communities. Neither during nor after the Campaign did any of the Africanist participants condemn the preamble to the plan or the prosecution of the Campaign in alliance with other racial groups. At that stage, they were apparently unaware that the alliance was a "betrayal of the material and spiritual interests of the Africans", a "multiracial liberalism" which sacrificed African interests for the "Indian merchant class and the ruling class". How much they have forgotten, or conspire to hide!

Distortion by omission reaches the abyss when the Africanists criticise the Freedom Charter in these terms: "To them master and slave, the exploiter and the exploited, the oppressor and the oppressed, the degrader and the degraded are all equals. To them indigenous African nationals and immigrant European foreign nationals—the dispossessed and their dispossessioners, the victims and their robbers—are all countrymen". We will let the Preamble to the Charter answer for itself.

"We, the people of South Africa, declare for all our country and to the world to know:

That South Africa belongs to all who live in it, black and white, and that no government can justly claim authority unless it is based on the will of the people;

That our people have been robbed of their birthright to land, liberty and peace by a form of government founded on injustice and inequality;

That our country will never be prosperous or free until all our people live in brotherhood, enjoying equal rights and opportunities;

That only a democratic state, based on the will of all the people, can secure to all their birthright without distinction of colour, race, sex or belief;

And therefore we, the people of South Africa, black and white together—equals, countrymen and brothers—adopt this Freedom Charter. And we pledge ourselves to strive together, sparing neither strength nor courage, until the democratic changes here set out have been won".

The Charter then details the aspirations of democratic South Africa, in terms very like those of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, concluding with the dedication:

"These freedoms we will fight for, side by side, throughout our lives, until we have won our liberty".

For the Africanists to smear those who subscribe to such a charter as "self-confessed lackeys and flunkies of the white ruling class and the Indian merchant class" is an indication not so much of incoherent political hysteria as of a virulent black racism. The Africanists employ the word 'Charterism' as a term of abuse. It is, assuredly, a badge of pride for all those whose dedication is to democracy.

For some reason, the Africanists boast that out of the 91 standing trial at the moment for High Treason, one or two are Africanists. Yet the accused are drawn from all the different racial groups in South Africa—Indians, Coloureds, Africans and Europeans—and belong, almost all of them, to the very organizations which the Africanists deplore. More significantly even, for the present issue, the period of the indictment covers the activities of the organizations from October 1, 1952 to December, 1956—the period during which the Africanists allege that the Congress Alliance was a "betrayal of the material and spiritual interests of the Africans". Indeed, the Freedom Charter and the Congress of the People which subscribed to it feature prominently in the indictment and in the Crown's case against the accused. Whichever of the accused bear the banner of Africanism at the moment are on trial precisely because of their participation in the policies of the A.N.C. and their adoption of the Freedom Charter.

The Africanist charge that the leadership of the A.N.C. is a bureaucracy and one which has so juggled with the machinery of Congress that it cannot be democratically removed is malicious nonsense. Representation at any conference of the A.N.C., whether provincial or national, is on the basis of branch delegates, one delegate for every twenty members of a branch; and every delegate has the right to participate in discussion and elections for both the provincial and national leadership. The Africanists have never been able to supplant the Congress leadership democratically precisely because they have always constituted a minority, if rowdy and undisciplined, group at any conference.

The arrogance of the Africanists—or is it the consciousness of their weakness?—makes them seize on slogans like ‘self-determination’ as though they were their prerogative. Suffice it to say that when a Congress member uses such terms, he uses them as they are everywhere understood and not with the special meanings that the Africanists apply to them. The ‘no bail, no defence, no fine’ clap-trap has never found a place in the A.N.C. because Congress does not believe in an idle and worthless martyrdom. We claim no monopoly over political slogans. What we do, with justice, claim is that we give to our voices the allegiance of our hands and our hearts. Fighting with catchwords can accomplish a great deal of noise. But whether it can accomplish anything else is doubtful.

Nothing will deter the A.N.C. and the Congress Movement from which it is a part from striving for a multi-racial democracy founded on the principles of the Freedom Charter. And it will avail the Africanists nothing to attempt to discredit this objective by suggesting that it is the same type of multi-racialism that is being imposed by the British Colonial Office in countries like Kenya. The Freedom Charter unequivocally rejects the concept of community rights, be they political or economic. There can be no room in the Congress concept of a multi-racial or common society for the balancing out of African rights by rights for the members of any other group. We stand firmly by the principle of equal rights for all, irrespective of race, colour or creed. May we suggest that the Africanists now begin to take seriously their “historic task of liberating the Africans and achieving independence and self-determination”. They would do better to get down to the hazardous job of fighting the Nationalists than to continue in their sterile vendetta against the Congress Movement. Their “historic” mission is surely not fulfilled by their persistent abuse of the A.N.C.

THE MAFEKENG AFFAIR

MYRNA BLUMBERG

A South African Correspondent for the London 'Daily Herald' and 'Tribune'

Two policemen and Mr. Johannes le Roux, the Paarl Native Commissioner, made a call on Mrs. Elizabeth Mafekeng in the middle of the morning of October 27th. They presented her with a piece of paper banishing her from her home in Paarl where she had lived for 32 years, from her husband and eleven children, to a distant and desolate spot of dust called Southey, about 700 miles away. The document, signed by Mr. De Wet Nel, Minister for Bantu Administration, was issued under the Native Administration Act and said that it was "injurious to the peace, order and good administration of Natives in the district of Paarl" if Mrs. Mafekeng remained there. She was given five days (later extended to twelve) to say good-bye to her family, make arrangements for their care, wind up her work as president of the African Food and Canning Workers' Union and vice-president of the Women's League of the African National Congress. There was, of course, no trial, no public hearing and no possibility of appeal.

This story, which has still not ended, made heavy headlines in newspapers throughout the world and led to the first large-scale riots in the history of the Western Cape. As the 'Mafekeng Affair' gained momentum, and the Paarl demonstrators attacked all representatives of white authority they could find, the Cape—that is, the Cape of white officials and white citizens reposing lazily in the sun, sea and mountain air—was like a ravished virgin, blaming every able-bodied possibility in sight. The Cape, with its conscience cushioned so comfortably for generations by its condescending liberalism, trembled with shock and pained bewilderment. The oddest assortment of reasons for the violence was offered—all but the real ones. The causes suggested by officials fall into two, mutually contradictory classes: first the police blamed "Coloured hooligans" and included, among those arrested, alleged members of two gangs with the dashing names of 'Elephant Kids' and 'Apaches'; against this, Mr. De Wet Nel said on November 14 that the riots proved he was right in removing Mrs. Mafekeng, thus suggesting that the disturbances were politically inspired. One has to study the case from the beginning, in all its human poignancy

and flashy drama, to make any sense of what is being said now.

Mrs. Mafekeng was known as 'Rocky' among the women workers in Paarl. She is a striking, vivid woman by any standards. Plump, but compact, her face is expressive, strong, humorous, beautiful. She speaks calmly, with great assurance and lively good nature. On the platform, like most African speakers, she always begins her speeches with a song or two, singing in a clear, rich and well-organised voice. Her speeches are fiery, militant and witty.

As an ordinary worker in a Paarl canning factory, she was always popular; she attracted special attention, however, when she handed in her apron and walked out of the factory as a protest against the management's demand that all women workers carry 'passes'. Her husband, 'Henry' Moffat Mditshani, also a canning factory worker, was one of the first Paarl men to join the Food and Canning Workers' Union; and with this background of trade union sympathy, Mrs. Mafekeng also joined the union, to rise swiftly from one executive post to another.

In 1955, Mrs. Mafekeng was the South African delegate at an international food workers' conference in Sofia, Bulgaria. She is said to have greatly impressed the gathering, and was elected to the praesidium of the conference. She also travelled to Britain, Sweden and China. A story is told of her visit to a canning factory near Peking. She was struck by the fact that the women workers did not wear protective aprons, the same as she and her union had fought for and won in Paarl. "You must organise a complaint," she is reported to have urged the women. When they explained their routine of working through the workers' council which ran the factory, she persisted, "They must make representations to the council!" Encouraged by her, they did. And, I'm told, got their aprons. In London, Mrs. Mafekeng met Barbara Castle and other socialist leaders, and she returned to South Africa with her vigour refreshed.

She has a large family which she loves and which kept her busy, however; and at the time of her banishment there were other women leaders who appeared more active than she did. Why was she chosen as the first woman to suffer under the barbarous banishment Act, which had already sent over eight African male leaders to rot in far-flung, secret places? She took part in the Defiance Campaign. But so did thousands of others. She marched to Pretoria to protest against passes for women. So did thousands of others.

Her union, however, is probably the most militant in the country. It has relentlessly fought starvation wages and separate trade union development". She is its tenth official to be immobilised by the Government. In addition, as the official campaign to force African women to carry passes intensified in the Cape, Mrs. Mafekeng naturally led the opposition. On October 2nd she was arrested after leading an anti-pass demonstration in Paarl; the charge came to nothing in court, but on October 12 Mr. De Wet Nel signed her banishment order.

Southey is about forty miles south-west of Vryburg in the Northern Cape. The most notable thing about it when it first flared into the news was that no one seemed to know anything about it. Some called it a concentration camp; others, a detention camp; officials, a Native Trust Farm. It is in the dust-rich, largely uninhabited wilderness where a woman of Mrs. Mafekeng's gifts could look forward, as she herself put it, to "a future of nothingness". The Government would pay her £2 a month there for her needs; she would not be allowed to move without Ministerial permission.

Mr. C. Bourquin, the Native Commissioner in Vryburg, who would have been in charge of her "welfare", told me on the telephone: "This is a cattle farm with the . . . ah . . . vegetation of the district. She will have two rooms furnished, of course, very simply. The nearest families are about a hundred yards away, European engineers on the farm. She could work as . . . ah . . . a domestic servant in one of their houses."

But what would happen to Mrs. Mafekeng's children, whose ages ranged from two-months-old Theresa Uhuru (Freedom) to her twenty-one-years-old eldest daughter, once the central figure of their home was torn from them? How casually this Government with its chatter about preserving Western European Christianity tramples over what should be untouchable ground—the sanctity of family life.

Africans and Coloured people were united in their rage against the banishment, and so too were many whites who had not protested before about other banishments; nevertheless, although Mrs. Mafekeng was a regular church-goer herself, no Cape clergymen could bring themselves to accept an invitation to speak on the same platform as African National Congress spokesmen in public protests called at Paarl and Cape Town. One white clergyman came to the well-attended meeting on the

Parade in Cape Town to "bear silent witness".

Mrs. Mafekeng herself was obviously under terrible strain. I met her in her union's Cape Town offices which, not long ago, were subject to unofficial terror when the local Ku Klux Klan broke in, causing nearly £2,000 worth of damage by smashing the place to bits and scribbling illiterate obscenities on the wall. The traces of K.K.K. writing were still on the wall next to the tidy union posters declaring 'Trade Unions Make You Strong' and 'Demand the Return of Your Leaders' as Mrs. Mafekeng spoke gently about the problems of her children. "It is a hard knock," she said. "But my spirit is not broken. For every leader they suppress there will be ten others."

On Friday, November 6th, three days before Mrs. Mafekeng was due to leave for Southey, crowds of Africans and Coloured workers began to collect outside her white, terraced cottage in Barbarossa Street. It was a wide, dusty, unlit road, and over a thousand people were said to have gathered there over the weekend. There was only one incident: a traffic cop tried to drive through the crowd; they lifted him on his bicycle and placed him quietly but firmly on the ground in the next road. He drove away without a backward glance.

On Monday morning, when the press arrived, there were about three thousand people waiting: Africans and Coloureds, deeply angry, watchful and suspicious. There were posters at the corners—"Save Mafekeng"; and groups of people sang anti-pass and freedom songs and hymns. At No. 64, the Mafekengs' two-roomed house, the family sat together round a hard table, haggard, weeping a little as they answered press questions. On the walls there were pictures of Mrs. Mafekeng next to a colourful painting of Christ tending lambs, and a photograph of Seretse Khama and his wife, Ruth.

Mrs. Mafekeng wasn't at home. "They'll get her over our dead bodies!" one woman shouted. Trade union delegates came from all over the Cape and joined the crowd, waiting and singing. The police were supposed to come at four in the afternoon. It was hot. The shuffling of the crowds kept the dust moving. There were heaps of ashes on the far side of the road where, someone told me, groups of people had lit bonfires throughout the night.

"Where is Mrs. Mafekeng?" the press kept asking.

No one could say.

"Did the police fetch her early?"

Shrugs. But still the crowd waited.

We got no help from the police either, who would not say if they had taken Mrs. Mafekeng away earlier than expected. A little before four, someone gave the cry that the police were coming up a lane at the back of Barbarossa Street. With a roar, the crowd surged towards the lane; if it was the police, though, they didn't come any nearer and we didn't see them again until much later.

"Where's Mrs. Mafekeng?" worried reporters kept asking. No one could tell them.

People shuffled about in the dust, went away for supper, visited Van Zyl's shop on the corner for chocolate and cold drinks. The day darkened, people came home from work and the crowd swelled, packing the road and straggling into the next street.

"Where's Mrs. Mafekeng?"

It was too dark to say exactly what happened. But suddenly there were the police, screams, batons, bullets, stones hurtling into windows. "Kill Verwoerd! Kill De Wet Nel! Kill the police!" was heard above the tumult. For about three hours the police were in open battle with the enraged demonstrators; cars were overturned, Van Zyl's shop smashed, stones hurled at white passers-by.

Heavily armed police reinforcements rushed to the scene, cordoned off the area and finally, at 12.30 p.m., Col. I. P. S. Verblanche, Deputy Commissioner of Police for the Western Cape, said everything was under control. "All I can say," he said, "is that the police were fired at and they returned the fire, and several people were injured as a result." Paarl Hospital that night treated ten injured people: eight non-whites, two whites, several with bullet wounds. One man died later.

There was renewed violence the following night. But by this time Paarl police had Saracen armoured cars from Cape Town and larger reinforcements. The armoured cars, and police with ten guns, patrolled the usually placid, oak-lined streets of Paarl, the 'Pearl of the Cape'. When a crowd gathered, an armoured car drove up, and an officer ordered the people to go home. When they didn't, twelve policemen with batons and rubber hoses leapt out of the armoured car and tore into the crowd. Within seconds, twelve people had to be helped off the road, all nursing bleeding heads.

"Where is Mrs. Mafekeng?"

Incredibly enough, the police were still giving casual, non-committal answers. A warrant was out for her arrest, however, and after the second night's rioting, newspapers began to speculate that she had fled. The following day a report came from Basutoland that she had crossed the border with her two-month-old baby, Uhuru, seeking refuge in the British Protectorate. The police, touchy, taken by surprise, were still searching for her in Paarl.

Most people couldn't suppress their excitement at what had turned out to be one of the most dramatic escape stories in local history. How did Mrs. Mafekeng get away while thousands of people kept an all-night vigil outside her house and the police kept up a constant patrol in the area? She must have left through the back door before dawn on Monday, carrying her sleeping baby, not knowing when she would see her devoted husband and other children again, and driving non-stop across the hot dreary desert of the Karroo; she risked a heavy gaol sentence, of course, if South African police caught her before she reached safety.

Meanwhile in South Africa, people were suddenly discussing with awe and a great deal of compassion an African woman most whites had never heard of before.

The *'Cape Times'* leader of November 11 began by condemning violence, but continued: "Yet it must be said at once that simply blaming the events at Paarl on hooligans or agitators does not by any means explain the deeper reasons for what happened or relieve the Government of its culpability in the matter. Violence is only roused in conditions of violence, where feelings are running high because of real or fancied grievances.

"The basic point to remember is that Mrs. Mafekeng has been flung out of the home where she has lived for over 30 years because of some secret police reports and upon the nod of a Minister. At the stroke of an official pen she has been deprived of practically every right that makes life worth living to most human beings. Down the ages human beings have been reacting violently to just this kind of treatment, and fighting to have removed from the conduct of governments . . ."

An important statement on the background was made by Mr. Oscar Mpetha, Cape President of the African National Congress.

"Contrary to the assertions of Government spokesmen, these riots are not caused by agitators. They are symptomatic

a deep-lying sense of grievance and frustration among the masses of the people, caused by the intransigent and inhuman policies of the Nationalist Government.

"Most non-whites at Paarl are employed in, or in one way or other dependent on, the food and canning industry. Their trade union, which has a proud record of struggle on their behalf, has been subjected to continual and vicious attack by the Government. Their trade union leaders have, one after the other, been summarily banned. Strikes in the industry have been declared illegal, placing the employers in an almost unassailable position. The workers have been excluded from unemployment insurance benefits.

"The banishment of Elizabeth Mafekeng, mother of eleven children, president of the trade union and a highly respected leader in Paarl, must be seen against this background . . ."

I phoned Mr. George Whitehead, general manager of Langeberg Ko-operasie Beperk, the premier canning firm in Paarl, and asked him what the employers thought about Mrs. Mafekeng's banishment. "I will not be dragged into a political brawl", he said.

Officials of the Department of Bantu Administration, however, were finally persuaded to part with what they called some of the reasons for Mrs. Mafekeng's banishment.

Mr. C. W. Prinsloo, Chief Information Officer, said solemnly that she had visited Bulgaria, Poland and China four years ago. When she returned, he said, there was an article in the South African weekly newspaper, '*New Age*', with the headline, 'Ambassador Returns!' On arrival at Jan Smuts airport, Johannesburg, she gave the 'Afrika!' thumbs-up salute of the African National Congress. In '*New Age*' of December 8, 1955, he continued, there was another article in which she had said, 'I was so happy I forgot I was black'.

The '*Cape Times*' answered this well: "The accepted practice of Western democracy has been not to arrest and punish folk in peacetime unless by due process of law . . . In the case of Mrs. Mafekeng there was no due process, nothing beyond some ministerial vagueness about visits to China and Poland and giving the 'Afrika!' salute at Jan Smuts aerodrome . . . To the man in the street there was nothing to demonstrate her wrong-doing, any . . . Clashes between the unfortunate police, who have to meet the consequences of Government policy, and the non-white masses, who are infuriated by it, are becoming mono-

tonously regular. There have been 105 major clashes of this order since 1948, and the rate seems to be increasing, for 338 of them occurred in the past two years. We are going deeper and deeper into a blood-tinged bog of racial troubles—and the Government shows only a crass determination to go in deeper still”.

And very little could equal the crass cynicism of Dr. Verwoerd's comments on the affair on December 14. According to an article in *‘Die Transvaler’*, he said the British Government could “have all the Mafekengs” if they decided to give Mrs. Mafekeng asylum. His Government would pay the fares. “The whole point,” he said, “is that if a Native comes to live in a white area, like Paarl, he or she must behave in such a manner that it is not necessary to take any action to maintain peace and good order. If not, they must leave their white areas and find their homes somewhere in the Native areas.”

Mrs. Mafekeng's husband made a statement which, in contrast, is deeply moving in its dignity and restrained tragedy. “I am not willing,” he said, “to be dumped with my children in the bush of Basutoland. People are not to be moved around like cattle. I've worked here for 24 years for the same firm. What I want is my wife back. We were legally married in church, yet the Government removes her from me and the children without law. I came home from work and found her gone. She had run away to escape the Government, and she couldn't even say good-bye to me.”

The only memorable comment from *‘Die Burger’*, the Cape Nationalist paper, was the dark hint, “Next time people have to be banished they must not be given time to organise protests . . .”

In Paarl, the Saracens had, it seemed, temporarily stunned the people's anger, and Mr. De Wet Nel made a statement praising the “Bantu” for not allowing themselves to be aroused by agitators. Six days later there were minor riots in Wellington, and in the second week of December police were stoned by angry Africans in Langabuya between Paarl and Wellington.

And in a musty, converted hall in Lady Grey Street in Paarl, 72 people, many of them juveniles, are assembled for another mass trial, charged with causing public violence. Africans outside, alive with memories of Mrs. Mafekeng and their multiple reasons for rebellion, sing the most popular anti-pass song, “When you strike the women, you have struck a rock . . .”

THE BEECHER STORY

KENNETH MACKENZIE

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ONE of the famous funny stories of the London blitz was told of a man who staggered out of a smouldering ruin saying indignantly: "All I did was pull the chain—and the whole damn building fell down on me."

A similar note of outraged innocence was struck by South African Nationalists when their treatment of two-year-old Thomas Beecher resulted in an explosion of overseas disgust that was rivalled last year only by the reaction to the Mafekeng Affair.

The political columnist of *'Die Burger,'* who writes under the name 'Dawie', had the typical "it just came apart in my hands" tone of voice when he wrote: "The case of the Beecher boy could just as well have taken place under General Smuts . . . the State can take no part in the adoption of a Coloured child by white parents. If such an attitude is cruel, it is for the good reason that it is the only way to prevent more serious cruelty in the future . . . we in South Africa could not have acted otherwise under any other conceivable government."

These, very briefly, are the facts in the Beecher story, which caused such hatred of South Africa overseas, and which has much more local significance than 'Dawie' would have us believe.

Thomas, when he was a few hours old, was found in a carrier bag in a Cape Town suburban church. No one has ever discovered who his parents were. Welfare workers, assuming he was white, gave him as a foster child to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beecher, a British couple with two other children who had been in the country eleven years.

By the time Thomas was one year old, he had become vaguely sallow, and some of the Beechers' neighbours started muttering about him. One flower of Western civilisation studied him in his pram and then said to Mrs. Beecher: "That child looks like a Native and smells like one. Get rid of him!"

The Beechers fled from this sort of thing to another suburb, in a largely Coloured part of the Peninsula, where they hoped to find less prejudiced neighbours. But at this stage the race classification officials, assisted by the welfare authorities, took over as persecutors from the nattering housewives: without

any real evidence (Thomas is paler than half a dozen Nationalist M.P.s I could name), they decided that Thomas had to be reclassified as Coloured and taken from the Beechers' care.

The Beechers refused to part peaceably with the child they had grown to love, and this led to some nerve-racking melodrama. For weeks Mrs. Beecher was virtually in hiding with Thomas, staying with a friend during the day and only venturing home at night. Once she cowered in the corner of a curtained room, stifling the baby's cries while welfare workers and three policemen marched round the house and hammered on the door, apparently with the intention of literally snatching the screaming child from the mother's arms.

Then the newspapers seized hold of the story. A lawyer was hired who restrained the welfare people from baby-snatching while he investigated the legality of the child's classification (on the face of it, it seems legally indefensible). From England Mr. Beecher's old trade union, the Society of Woodworkers, offered to pay the whole family's air fares back to England. For Thomas to leave the country special permission was needed from the Minister of the Interior. After a nervous two-week wait, permission was granted; and on December 14—almost a year after the first official doubts were expressed about Thomas's whiteness, during which time Mrs. Beecher had lost over 30 pounds in weight—the family took a Comet to England and tolerance.

They were greeted by television cameras, big headlines in all the newspapers and a chorus of editorial comment, all of it unfavourable to the South African Government—it ranged from a sentimental "Letter to Tommy" in the *'Star'* to a stern rebuke about Commonwealth unity in the *'Daily Telegraph'*.

"Since the Pharisee thanked God he was not as other men were, I have not heard such self-satisfaction," was the comment made by 'Dawie' in *'Die Burger'*. But 'Dawie' fools himself if he thinks he can dismiss all the criticism as insincere and smug.

The Beecher story was, of course, tailor-made for the popular press—a British couple, a baby, melodrama—but it was also a very penetrating illustration of the moral decay that makes South Africa such a stench in the nostrils of the world. What reason could there be for snatching Thomas Beecher away from parents who loved and cared for him? It is sometimes argued that apartheid is based on genuine "differences in cultural levels" or "differences in background", but obviously Thomas had exactly the same cultural level and background as the rest of

the Beecher children. He was being condemned solely because South African officialdom did not care for his complexion.

This, in the eyes of the world, is irrational, neurotic behaviour. The thought of punishing a child by taking him away from the love and care of his family, of denying him the ordinary rights of citizenship throughout his life solely because of some fortuitous external physical characteristic, is repellent to normal minds.

But among South African whites, of course, prejudice is the primary virtue; and not even such a clear-cut demonstration of their insanity as the Beecher story can cause them any discomfort. Some seem genuinely unaware that the whole of civilised thought is against them. Among the letters the Beechers received, for instance, was one from a nursing sister who wrote: "Whether you stay in South Africa or return to England will make little difference . . . Thomas cannot marry a white girl because he is Coloured. It will be difficult for him to understand, because he has been brought up in a white family and naturally expects to have all the privileges he cannot have. Think, oh think, my dears, of the heartbreak he will have when he finds he is an outcast . . ."

With what astonishing complacency 'Dawie' is able to write in *'Die Burger'*: "If such an attitude is cruel, it is for the good reason that it is the only way to prevent more serious cruelty in the future." That more serious cruelty he is talking about is the daily humiliation of about twelve million non-whites, and 'Dawie' is not concerned to alleviate or abolish this cruelty: he just wants it applied evenly and early.

'Dawie' adds that no other conceivable government could have acted differently. But this is not true. The Congress Movement, the Liberal Party and—to a certain extent—the Progressives have conceived of a South African government that is based on reason and morality and that would have more important things to do than worry about the complexions of two-year-old babies. It is possible that Thomas, by moving the world to compassion and anger, has hastened to some slight degree the inevitable day when such a government might restore sanity to South Africa.

CHRISTIAN NATIONAL EDUCATION

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Christelik-Nasionale Onderwys (Christian National Education—C.N.E.), as expounded in the *Beleid* of the *Federasie van Afrikaanse Kulturele Vereniginge* (Federation of Afrikaans Cultural Societies), in February 1948, aims at establishing the Nationalists in power forever by indoctrinating all children in Nationalist ideology from the nursery school right through beyond the university or technical college.

Nationalists have always been ambivalent towards this *Beleid*. On the one hand, they have always, except for a small band at the University of Potchefstroom, been deeply ashamed of it; and even of that band, Professor Chris Coetzee, Rector of the University, once denied at Mafeking that Article 1 of the policy pamphlet means what it clearly does mean—that all “Afrikaans-speaking children must be educated according to the Christian-Nationalist view of life” (Article 1). Professor Coetzee himself had made this explicit in an article in ‘*Common-Sense*’, 1941. “Practically all Afrikaans children belong to one of the three Dutch Reformed Churches with the same confession”, he wrote; “thus for us only one type of school: Afrikaans medium, Dutch Reformed confession”. Yet at Mafeking he hedged: “We only mean our policy for those who agree with us”. He later supported the notorious Transvaal Language Ordinance, which compels all children whose Afrikaans in an official test seems only a trifle better than their English to go to the Afrikaans medium schools, no matter what their parents wish. And Dr. Jansen, even before he was made Governor-General, and Dr. Dönges, present Minister of Finance, who by rights belong to the small select band since their names appear on the *Beleid* title-page as directors of the *Instituut Vir Christelik-Nasionale Onderwys* (I.C.N.O.), have always been oddly silent about it; even when the *Beleid* came up for heated discussion in Parliament early in 1949, they uttered not a word in its defence. Nor have they since.

On the one side of this ambivalence, then, is shame; on the other, a determination to carry through the same disgraceful policy that they dare not even acknowledge. I am sure Dr. McConkey (ex-Director of Education in Natal) is on firm ground when he says that the majority of Afrikaners do not want

C.N.E., as a poll would soon discover. (And the 1948 *Beleid*, he tells us, is a pale shadow of the one issued in 1944, which even the Nationalists found too "hot to hold"). Nevertheless, the Nationalists leaders are determined that the nation shall have it, even in the rebellious Province of Natal.

This is perfectly plain, in spite of the appeasing sops that are being hopefully thrown out from time to time. "It is only the policy that shall be the Government's", says '*Die Nataller*'; "The carrying out shall be in the hands of the Province." "Thank you for nothing", say we, "it's the policy we object to —our spoons are not long enough for us to sup with *that* devil, and not be burned to ashes". "All we want is compulsory mother-tongue education", says the Nationalist Press. "Why compulsory?", say we. "So that one language-group shall not indoctrinate another language-group through the medium of education", says the editor of '*Die Nataller*', (4th Sept., 1959). But Dr. Albert Herzog, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, firmly puts the boot on the right foot for him. "Mother-tongue education", says he at a Nationalist congress (as reported in the '*Natal Daily News*,' 19th Sept., 1959), "is the foundation of Nationalism. So long as there is mother-tongue education, so long will there be Nationalism".

So there we have the cat, or rather the child-eating tiger, right out of the bag. Dr Herzog's words might have come out of the *Beleid* itself, whose foreword says:— "Our Afrikaans schools must not be merely mother-tongue schools, they must be places where our children will be saturated with the Christian and National spiritual-cultural stuff of our nation." The more skilful defenders of C.N.E. very wisely concentrate on the early history of the movement.

The original C.N.E. schools, just after the Boer War, aimed to counteract Lord Milner's policy of anglicising the conquered republics. In my opinion, it was properly self-respecting to oppose Lord Milner's attempt. Since then, the character of C.N.E. and of Nationalism have both radically changed, for it is a very long time since there was any attempt in this country to anglicise anyone against his will. Afrikaans has been one of the official languages for more than thirty years. For almost as long, no white child has been denied instruction through his mother-tongue in our parallel or single-medium schools, unless he belonged to the minority in a town where the minority members did not warrant the expense of double classes, and his

parents could not afford to send him elsewhere. Such children could be given bursaries to cover boarding costs.

But that is too practical and too real a solution for the Nationalist leaders. Nationalist leaders don't really care about the mother-tongue. They care about power. They don't really care about Afrikaners. To them, an Afrikaner is not an Afrikaner by reason of the fact that he IS one. Facts, truths don't count. By an Afrikaner they mean, in their secret hearts, "someone who agrees with *me* about everything, and will do exactly what *I* want". They tell Uys Krige, for example, that he is not an Afrikaner—though he is entirely Afrikaans, and actually descended from two of the most famous of the Voortrekkers; though he spoke only Afrikaans and not a word of English until he was ten; though he has done more for the Afrikaans language than anyone else in its history, for he writes it with sparkle, raciness, vigour and flexibility, and has added richly to its hoard of words and phrases from conversations among the gifted few and the many Cape Coloured workmen in pubs.; though his patriotism is truer, finer and stronger than that of any Nationalist I know. And why is he not, for the Nationalists, an Afrikaner? Only because he doesn't agree with their political leaders! Because he won't do exactly what they want! Meanwhile the opinions and sentiments of the Afrikaners are being assiduously, indefatigably formed by such men as 'A', then assistant editor of a Nationalist weekly, who boasts that he has not a drop of Afrikaans blood in his body, and when asked if he calls himself a South African (his family having lived here for three generations), replies: "No, I am a German". 'A', at a symposium on C.N.E., had only one reiterated reply to all the facts we tried to make him answer: "Everything you say stems from Afrikaner-hatred". The sheer absurdity of this raised roars of laughter from the audience. Afrikaner-hatred? Verwoerd-hatred, if you like, or rather hatred of Verwoerdism. But that, thank God, is not, even in these bleak days, the same as Afrikaner-hatred. I think I may say, and the thousands of Afrikaners scattered throughout the country whom I have taught will agree with me, that I truly love Afrikaners, with their spontaneous warmth and naturalness, but hate the ideology to which the majority of them have become more and more enslaved. Largely under the influence of pre-war Nazi propaganda, Nationalism has totally changed its character in the last twenty-five years, and is supported by intelligent Nationalists

ly because they are bred to regard disloyalty to party as somehow cowardly and shameful. My deepest reason for hating C.N.E. is that it has aimed at making the Afrikaans people inferior; and unless they can break through the irrational, inherited party loyalty that binds them to the leaders who are imposing this to them, the Afrikaans people will, in less than another generation, *be inferior*.

The nationalism of any people originates in proper pride. That pride can develop in two ways. It can, as Van der Post says, proliferate like a cancer cell, killing all other good feelings, as in the case of 'B', a Nationalist acquaintance of mine, a most gifted and once charming man, who has allowed his talents and character to be corroded because his proper national pride was deeply wounded at school. This rankling sore has attracted him morbidly to those who can be counted on to keep it festering, the Nationalist leaders; and stage by stage, as the extremists of the party have, so he has abandoned his sense of truth, his sense of justice and his common-sense. Or it can develop healthily into confidence and a sense of proportion, as in the case of 'C', a pure-Afrikaans connection of mine, a very proud man belonging to an old Free State farming family. 'C's' wife had an English-speaking woman and her two sons staying on the farm as paying guests during the war. These children had evidently been indoctrinating 'C's' own little son, about five, for one day he came to his father in passionate distress, wailing:- "Daddy, is it *true* that you're an Afrikaner?" "Yes my boy, it's true", confessed the father. "Oh Daddy, please *try* not to be!" And what did 'C' do? Did he preach a patriotic sermon? Did he resolve that the boy should never again mix with English-speaking children? Chuckling to himself, he said comfortingly, "All right my boy, I'll try". Which of these two men, 'B' or 'C', do you think has the prouder pride? (I may say that 'C's' son has grown up with his full share of it.)

About four-fifths of the Afrikaners in this country are Nationalists. But Dr. McConkey is right when he says that most Afrikaners (and that includes the greater part even of the Nationalist majority) do not want C.N.E. This is not surprising, considering that this Christian-National Education is neither Christian, nor National, nor Education.

"Christian" is actually defined by the *Belcid* as adhering to the creeds of the three Dutch Reformed Churches" (Article 1).

It also means Fundamentalist, anti-Evolutionist (Article 2) and it must never be forgotten that this and only this is what the *Beleid* means by "Christian". "National" means "embued with the love of one's own" (Article 1). "Education" means pouring into a set mould: "vorming" is the word constantly used by the *Beleid*, which reiterates that "any teacher who is not a convinced Christian-Nationalist is a deadly danger to us" (Article 9, I); that in no class may anti-Christian or non-Christian or anti-Nationalist or non-Nationalist propaganda be made" (Article 6, I); in fact, the teacher may not even be neutral towards the "confessions" (*beleidskrifte*) of the three Dutch Reformed Churches, towards Fundamentalism, or towards Nationalism. He must propagate them. The lessons in mother-tongue, Civics, Geography and History are all to teach the child the Christian-Nationalist way of life (Article 6, III, IV, V and VI). Lest he should deviate, the Church is to exercise discipline over the *life* and *doctrine* of the teacher (Article 8, IV) and this must be done through the parents (Article 8, IV) who, no doubt with the aid of their children, will act as spies—for how else can they inform themselves? And I warn those members of the Anglican Church who think that they can save their children by asking for exemption from religious instruction that even if they get it, it will save nobody. The schools are to be permeated with "Christianity", even in the playground (Article 2). In fact the *Beleid* sees no distinction between Christianity and Nationalism. According to Dr. Chris Coetzee, chief proponent of the scheme, "the struggle for national and for Christian education is actually only one struggle—they are not two separate things—as if we may plead for Christian teaching and again separately for national teaching!" (*Onderwysblad* Jan., 1949).

This sinister idea is implied also in the articles dealing with History and Geography teaching—in which we find the following statements, for which no member of the I.C.N.O., when challenged, has been able to produce a single Biblical text: "God has allotted to each nation its own individual soil", and "God has enjoined on each nation its individual task in bringing about the fulfilment of His purpose" (6, V).

Like Dr. McConkey, I don't believe that most Afrikaners want this policy. They won't believe it is intended. To make them do so is like making a loving wife believe that her husband is an embezzler. Loyally—though with secret, black mis-

livings—they vote for the party, no matter what the evidence against it. Yet I also believe that the Government is absolutely determined to enforce this very system, possibly modified in some respects (e.g. Fundamentalism), but going further in others.

Why else have cultured men like Dr. Dönges, and the late Governor-General, Dr. Jansen, openly sponsored such a document? Why have they never repudiated it? Why was Dr. Meiring, another sponsor, appointed Superintendent-General of Education in the Cape Province? Why did Mr. De Wet Nel, when Minister of Education, Arts and Science, announce that the Government meant to introduce C.N.E.; and immediately implement *Beleid* policy by introducing into his Department's schools a religious instruction syllabus based on consultation with the three Dutch Reformed Churches alone? Why was the 'conscience clause'—forbidding discrimination in staff and student appointments on grounds of creed—abolished in Potchefstroom University, which is not paid for by the Church? Why did the Onderwyser's Unies (Afrikaans teachers' unions), all approve of the *Beleid*? Why do their congresses and journals, in spite of denials, positively reek of it, to the extent of demanding the removal of that British Kafferboetie, Livingstone, from the history syllabus; and of advocating that European history should be taught in our schools only where it directly touches South Africa? Why was the recommendation of the entirely D.R.C. Interkerklike Komitee that education should be centralised, implemented by the taking-over, almost overnight, of the technical colleges by the Government? Why has Mr. Standen, notoriously pro-C.N.E., been forced on Natal as Deputy-Director of Education, despite the unanimous refusal of the Executive Council of the Province to accept him? Why is Provincial control of education to be violated on this account? Why does Dr. Verwoerd say that more than one policy of education cannot be tolerated in this country? Why are we threatened by Nationalists with compulsory mother-tongue education in Natal, which the *Beleid* regards as the broad highway to everything it desires? Why? Why?

The Transvaal has already implemented the *Beleid* in pockets of that Province. This has been achieved by the Language Ordinance, by the abolition of parallel-medium schools (still incomplete), by the School Library Censorship, which forbids teachers to lend or give children books not in the official book guide, (which I may add, makes Afrikaans literature, about 50

years old, look as big as English Literature of five centuries) by the adoption in many schools of history, civics and other text books shamefully inaccurate as to fact, and Christian-Nationalist as to tone. Scholars, the public, the Transvaal Teachers' Association, the Parent-Teachers' Association, many of the churches have protested against these measures—they have beaten against the iron will of Nationalism, in vain. Some Afrikaans parents have even banned Afrikaans from their homes to keep their children out of the Afrikaans-medium schools.

And we already have, grinding slowly into gear, some wholly C.N.E. schools in this country. I refer to the field of "Bantu Education", which, as the *Beleid* demands, is now in the hands of "die Boerenasie". Adhering to the grand *Beleid* principle that every teacher who is not a "Christian" is a deadly danger to us, the Government has removed the education of Africans from the hands of those non-Afrikaans missionaries who have done infinitely more for it than the Dutch Reformed Churches ever have. The Extension of University Education Bill (sic!) decrees that any teacher in the proposed colleges who criticises Government action in any field shall be punished or dismissed; and last year the Government flaunted its contempt for academic and human standards by sacking half-a-dozen members of the oldest non-white university college, Fort Hare. In the Bantu Education Department a teacher who displeases in any way (unspecified), simply finds at the end of the month that the salary earmarked for him is not paid.

In fact, the Government means to go much further than the *Beleid*. The *Beleid* concerned itself only with Afrikaners and non-Europeans. Dr. Verwoerd, it would appear, means to interfere with the English-medium schools as well—possibly even in some ways on the model of the Bantu schools! And let not the Anglican Bishop of Natal and others lay the flattering unction to their souls that the private schools will not be molested. Dr. Verwoerd finds it intolerable that there shall be more than one education policy in this country. And we all know what happens when Dr. Verwoerd finds things intolerable. This year's Speech from the Throne promises Government control of education this parliamentary session.

We are not, however, Dr. Verwoerd's humble and obedient slaves. We are free human beings, and some of us intend to behave as befits free men and women.

THE SUICIDE OF GROUP AREAS

DR. O. D. WOLLHEIM

Warden of the Cape Flats Distress Association

THE policy of apartheid is based upon the theory that where groups of differing culture and background meet in close contact, friction arises! Many examples are given, such as the tension between the English Raj and the Indians before independence, the Notting Hill difficulties, the Little Rock riot, and others.

The apartheid remedy for this friction is to prevent such points of contact except where they are well understood, with the relationship between the differing groups an established one. The very simplicity of this sort of solution is staggering, but it is also indicative of the fundamental immaturity of Afrikaner Nationalist thinking.

When two surfaces rubbing together generate heat, then the answer is to stop the two surfaces rubbing together. Lubricating the surfaces is too complicated a process; whether the two surfaces *must* rub together in order to make the machine work, is irrelevant. Undesirable heat is generated, so the two surfaces are removed from contact with one another, regardless of the consequences.

The Group Areas Act and the development of Bantustans are the main instrument in bringing about such a separation of the surfaces within the Union of the future. Whites (we are told) will eventually have no rights in the Bantustans, and the Group Areas Act will deal with the polyglot remainder of South Africa.

The Act seeks to create a situation in the future in which separate areas on a sort of chequer-board pattern will have been created in every one of the urban areas of the Union. Each area will have been designated for the occupation of a specific racial group; and in these areas the respective groups will not only be expected to reside, but also to provide all the services, such as the police, the hospitals, education, and the running of all industry and commerce as well as the local councils.

In this way the apologists for apartheid imagine that they will be preventing the generation of heat by removing the rubbing surfaces from one another. Frustration will have been eliminated, because in the separate areas there will be no restrictions upon the ambitions of the inhabitants for whom the area has been reserved.

In very many areas of the Union of South Africa it is possible to apply the Group Areas Act with a minimum of dislocation. Such parts are as yet comparatively new and were only developed under a policy of strict segregation. In the larger urban areas of Johannesburg, Pretoria and Durban, however, in spite of strong segregatory practice over all the years, there has been such enormous industrial, commercial and economic development that the towns have become integrated residentially and economically.

What used to be an out-lying location, such as Sophiatown, has been swallowed up by the expansion of white businesses and houses in that region, so that it has become what the Government terms a "black spot"; the percentage of non-white people employed in industry has risen till to-day it is rather more than two-thirds of the whole; trade has become so integrated that it would be almost impossible to determine exactly how much of it is controlled by any one or other racial group.

The greatest difficulty of all, though, is being—and will increasingly be—created in the older towns of the Western Cape Province and the City of Cape Town. For hundreds of years there was no more than the normal sort of voluntary segregation of one social group from another. There has always been the ordinary, normal and natural flow from one group to another group, which the community has absorbed with no difficulty whatsoever.

This process has been going on since 1652 and a compulsory form of segregation has only made its appearance in the last twenty to thirty years. The first difficulty is, therefore, one of definition. Who is white, and who is black, who is Coloured, who is Malay? The normal migration from one social group to another has been going on in the Cape for nearly 300 years, and it is impossible for any old-established white Cape family to claim with 100% certainty that there is no non-white blood in its ancestry. There are accepted white families who have up to 25% of non-white blood in their veins. A clear dividing line between white and Coloured in Cape Town does not exist, and any definition and separation of these two groups from one another must be by *ad hoc* definition based on empirical criteria. Similarly there is no clear dividing line between Coloured and African.

In the residential areas of Cape Town up to shortly before 1939, there were many groups of Coloured people living dotted

about the Cape Peninsula in areas which had been determined largely by historical factors.

Three small groups of Coloured people went to live in Sea Point close on a century ago. They started as coachmen and stable hands of the old Cape Town Tramway Company when it instituted a horse-drawn service between the City and Sea Point; and they have since become an integral part of that community, performing essential services within it.

Other groups in the southern suburbs have been there for centuries. Shortly after 1652 farms were handed out to 'free burghers' in what are the present-day suburbs of Rondebosch, Newlands, Claremont and Wynberg. Simon van der Stel, the second Governor of the Cape (and, incidentally, a Coloured man), developed a large and beautiful estate in the Constantia Valley. These farms were provided with slave labour, and these communities developed around the original slave quarters.

Areas such as these developed where they did at the behest of white people, in order to provide services for white people. If to-day they have become "black spots", it is not the fault of non-white people; and the full responsibility for the consequences, social, political and economic, of any tampering with these communities must be accepted solely by those white people who have demanded group areas.

When a group area is proclaimed, a certain period of time is set at the end of which all persons from the other groups must move out. The Minister may, in his discretion, issue extensions of time if he can be satisfied that no alternative accommodation exists. The proclamation of group areas in a city like Cape Town is therefore destined eventually to interfere basically with the lives of tens of thousands of people, to uproot and displace very many large and old-established communities from areas which have become their traditional homes over three centuries.

Communities develop in particular areas because the conditions are fertile for such development there. Their speed of growth, their size and function are determined by the social climate, the economic need and the law of supply and demand. There is a social and economic ecology within each community as well as between one community and another. Man is a social being and cannot live except in relation to other men and their institutions and organizations. For this reason a community develops interlocking mutual interests, and the social scientist realizes that it is extremely dangerous to tamper with such

dynamic processes.

Against the express wish of the citizens and the local Council group areas in the City of Cape Town have been proclaimed for white occupation in the Table Mountain, Sea Point, Woodstock, Brooklyn, Maitland, Goodwood, Parow and Bellville suburbs. The proclamations set time limits for the various areas, and these have expired early in 1959 for Sea Point and Table Mountain. The period of grace for the other areas will expire at varying times between now and January, 1963. At this moment the Act only affects a few hundred people living in one part of Newlands area in Sea Point, but by 1963 the number of persons affected might exceed 10,000. No reliable figures are available.

With these proclamations the Group Areas Act has not even properly started on its task. The Cape Peninsula has a Coloured population of approximately 350,000. Even if two-thirds of this existing population already live in what are likely to be Coloured group areas, there will still be in excess of 20,000 families (over 100,000 persons) who will have to be uprooted and displaced, to say nothing of the number of white people who will also have to move.

One can, however, be reasonably certain that the number of white persons to be affected by the Group Areas Act will be small. In Kimberley, for instance, the Group Areas Proclamation 157/59 will effect approximately 1.5% of the white population (300 persons), approximately 50% of the Coloured population (over 10,000 persons), and the entire Indian and Chinese populations.

Industrial expansion in any country has always brought about heavy voluntary migration of people from rural areas to the towns. Many studies have shown the resultant social dislocation of this process. To take people out of an environment to which they have become accustomed over the centuries and to place them at short notice in a completely new one is to upset the nature of man's being, because he no longer exists in relation to other men and men's institutions. He must now start the difficult process of developing new relationships in an area where he feels like a stranger.

The stresses resultant upon such environment changes inevitably bring with them psychological difficulties and aberrant forms of behaviour. Marital relations are upset and the divorce rate rises; parent-child relationships are made difficult because of the father's sense of inadequacy in his new environment; there

a rise in juvenile delinquency; the feeling of social inadequacy leads to compensating activities and there is an increase in sexual promiscuity, the abuse of alcohol and illicit narcotic traffic.

These consequences flow from the natural and voluntary migration of people responding to the law of supply and demand in an era of economic expansion. If the migration is involuntary and legally enforced against their will, with no basis in economic necessity but only in a completely blind prejudice, then the consequences will necessarily be much graver. One can therefore look forward, in the Union of South Africa, to a period of increasing social dislocation which will have its roots in no other causes but in the application of this Act. There have already been two Coloured suicides recorded in Cape Town during the past six months as a direct result of the recent group area proclamations.

But the Act is not only socially self-destructive, it is also economically crazy. The enormous industrial expansion of our larger cities has resulted in a very severe shortage of housing. In all the major cities have slums where people live in unbelievably over-crowded conditions. It is common for social workers to report on a small house of five rooms, a passage and a verandah occupied by five different families representing some 35 people.

There is a shortage of at least 12,000 houses for Coloured families in Cape Town; to this should be added the housing required by approximately 75,000 Africans, the majority of whom are migrant male unskilled workers. To overtake this backlog in, say, 10 years, would mean building at the rate of 12,000 houses per year or seven per day in Cape Town alone. If the houses, together with services such as water, light, roads, sanitation, etc., and land, cost only £500 each, the expenditure would be in the region of £1,000,000 per year for the next ten years.

This would only overtake the backlog and would take no care of the present-day expansion of Cape Town. This has been anything but normal, for the total population has been trebled in less than twenty years. This economic expansion continues and the need for increased man-power has never stopped. If the city wishes to face a reasonably normal housing position in ten years' time, it would have to build at double the suggested rate, viz., 24,000 houses per year at an estimated cost of £2,000,000 every year for the next ten years.

The Group Areas Act would displace not less than 100,000

people. Admittedly some of them live in slums and would in any case have to be rehoused, but a very large percentage live in good, durable houses of modest size. The final application of the Group Areas Act could very easily result in the need for yet another 10,000 houses for the displaced people.

There is no shortage of housing for white people, so that the proclaimed white group areas would end up with large numbers of derelict properties of good quality previously occupied by Coloured people. It would be many years before the present development of Cape Town would cause all such vacated areas to be taken over for use by white people. The net result could easily be the building of 10,000 unnecessary houses with another 10,000 standing derelict elsewhere.

Other economic implications are as crazy. In the case of Kimberley quoted above, there are 250 Indian families who hold 440 trading licences (including hawkers' licences). These businesses are mainly small family concerns, handed down from father to son for varying periods of up to 90 years. In Johannesburg and the other Reef cities, in Pretoria, Durban and Pietermaritzburg, Indians have not only developed small businesses but also controlled enormous wholesale concerns.

The Group Areas Act will in due course not only cause thousands of Indians to live in an Indian group area, but will also eventually force them to close down these established places of business and find other occupations since they cannot all trade on each other. The area set aside for Indians in Johannesburg is at Lenasia, over 20 miles from the centre of Johannesburg and geographically completely isolated from the economic vortex of activities between Johannesburg and Springs. Apart from the serious consequences within the community of tampering with and eliminating a completely integrated sector of its economy, it is economic murder for the whole Indian community. Apart from all the other adjustments they will have to make, they will have to start to learn new ways of subsisting.

It is no wonder that Alan Paton has described the Group Areas Act as the greatest sin which the white people of South Africa have committed. It is the social and economic ruination of millions of people who have helped to build South Africa by a selfish white group; and it blandly ignores the rights, the wishes and the humanity of the people it will affect.

SEX, COLOUR AND THE LAW

JULIUS LEWIN

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ONE vital feature of South Africa's policy of apartheid is known to have failed—the attempt to prohibit by law sex relations between the races. So vital is this feature that critics of prevailing policy have long been accustomed to the inevitable question put by their opponents: "How would you like your daughter to marry a Native?"

Those who do not reply with an emphatic negative are regarded as beyond the pale of normal controversy. Not only opposition to any form of social equality, but also the retention of innumerable legal disabilities in the political and economic spheres, is ultimately defended by pointing to the disaster of social and sexual equality that would otherwise overtake the country. What Myrdal found in the southern part of the United States and recorded in *'The American Dilemma,'* is true of South Africa, if one looks beneath the surface of any argument—sex is the hidden principle, at least in popular theory, around which the whole structure of apartheid is organized.

It has not always been so. The arguments against social equality are no doubt old, though they have hardly ever been explicitly discussed in the large literature on race relations in South Africa. What is relatively new is the resort to law to ensure that a powerful aversion which is supposed to exist in cultural theory shall be maintained in actual practice.

Looking back, one finds that the first attempt to legislate on the subject of sexual apartheid seems to have been made early in this century, soon after the close of the South African War, in all four British Colonies (as they then were). A Cape law passed in 1902 was adopted in the Transvaal, the Orange Free State and Natal in 1903, when a similar ordinance was applied to all three of those territories. The Cape law simply prohibited under a severe penalty intercourse between consenting adult persons "for the purpose of gain", if the woman was white and the man black (but not between white men and black women). In the Transvaal and Natal the reference to gain, i.e. money, was omitted. The enactment of this double moral standard is in line with British Colonial tradition, which passed

similar laws in Rhodesia and Kenya and no doubt elsewhere, law generally repealed or amended only in recent years.

The immediate reason why the British introduced this law into South Africa was evidently the arrival of prostitutes from Britain on the Rand during the Boer War. Although they meant to cater for the British soldiers, the prostitutes found clients among Africans, a situation that must have alarmed all who believed that if the sex barrier collapsed, other colour barriers would not survive.

The main idea behind the law, however, was the one still found in the American South and described by Myrdal. It is that whereas sex relations between white men and black women affect only the Negro race, sex relations between white women and black men "would be like an attempt to pour Negro blood into the white race". The reasoning here runs like this: the child of a black woman by a white father would be regarded as black (regardless of its actual colour); whereas the child of a white woman by a black father would pass as white and thus dilute the purity of "white blood."

Whatever the mythology, it should be noted that when Afrikaner governments came later to legislate on the subject they abandoned the double moral standard upheld by British laws. Oddly enough, for nearly three centuries after white settlement had taken root at the Cape, the Afrikaners made no effort to curb miscegenation by law. This attitude cannot be explained by the absence of inter-racial intercourse, as the present-day existence of one and a half million Cape Coloured people sufficiently testifies.

How extensive miscegenation was in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it is hard to say. Once the process had been established, people of mixed descent would, of course, reproduce themselves and so enlarge the coloured population. But there can be no doubt that miscegenation did take place on a considerable scale long before social theory and political pressure combined to render it unmentionable.

The first "Immorality Act" against sexual intercourse (but not against inter-marriage) between Europeans and Africans was passed by the first Nationalist Government in 1927. The well-known politician, Tielman Roos, who was Minister of Justice at the time, spoke of requests for legislation he had received from white women's organizations; and he recalled that several commissions of inquiry had objected to the double

moral standard reflected in the earlier laws enacted by the British before Union in 1910. Unlike the British, however, the Nationalists aimed to treat both races and sexes alike; they "wanted to protect black women from white men" as well as white women from black men. Moreover, Tielman Roos had no objection to inter-marriage between the races. Although he noted with satisfaction that the law in the Transvaal had never allowed such marriages—by simply making no administrative provision for them to take place—he added that Transvalers could cross the boundary, get married in another province, and then return to live, quite legally, in the Transvaal.

For the next ten years the subject was not apparently debated in Parliament, although one cannot be sure because Hansard omits the key word—"immorality"—from its index. Nor was much heard of it in the press, except for an occasional report of a case brought before the Courts. By 1937, however, the situation of the rival political parties had changed. The "purified" Nationalists under Malan's leadership by then formed the official opposition; and—probably to forestall them—General J. J. Pienaar, who supported the Hertzog Government, introduced a private member's Bill to extend the legal prohibition against intercourse with Africans to inter-marriage with them. Among others, J. H. Hofmeyr, the liberal Cabinet Minister, opposed this measure, contending that it was unnecessary to apply law to prevent something, admittedly undesirable, against which strong social sanctions anyhow existed. As the Government did not allow time for the Bill to proceed, it was never voted upon and fell away.

Miscegenation was, however, an awkward subject for an uneasy coalition, and Hertzog gained time by appointing a Commission of Inquiry. Its Report on mixed marriages, published in 1939, recommended the Transvaal evasion of the direct issue by providing different administrative regulations for marriages between two white persons and between two non-white persons, but making no provision at all for inter-racial marriages. This should be done "without the use of language or expression which might give offence to any race or persons."

One of the two women members of this Commission, Mrs. L. B. Spilhaus—an old Cape liberal—expressed dissenting opinions. She quoted figures to show that marriages between white and black had since 1925 numbered less than one per cent. of all marriages and had decreased to four per thousand.

"Colour," she remarked, "had been infiltrating into the white population since the seventeenth century, with no visibly bad results in the descendants of the families in which it is present."

The Commission was asked to consider inter-marriage only but it perceived—what Tielman Roos had somehow failed to realize ten years earlier—that if the problem was defined as miscegenation, or sex relations across the colour line, it would be necessary to prohibit intercourse as well as inter-marriage and that, of the two, the former was the wider "social evil."

Being an enlightened person, Mrs. Spilhaus shrank from tackling this "evil" by law, foreseeing that "armies of detectives, police, and night-watchmen" would be required for its enforcement. She also realized, if dimly, that there was more than one problem, since she doubted "that the class of persons who indulge in immoral intercourse will be easily driven into marriage" (with an African), as Tielman Roos had supposed. The Commission did not even consider extending the proposed law to the Cape Coloured people.

The outbreak of the Second World War postponed further debate on the question. It also led to Hertzog's downfall and put Smuts in office, with Hofmeyr in an influential position, for the next eight years. By the time that period was drawing to a close Malan's party was conducting an election campaign on various issues, of which one was the menace of miscegenation and the necessity for new laws to combat it.

The Malan Government, taking office in 1948, promptly carried out this part of its programme. In 1949, marriage between white and *any* non-white persons was firmly prohibited and in 1950, sexual intercourse outside marriage was likewise prohibited if one person was white and the other "coloured"—a term defined very broadly so as to include the Cape Coloured people and Asians as well as Africans. In 1957, the Strydom Government went still further and made it a criminal offence to commit "any immoral or indecent act", if one person was white and the other coloured (but not if both were white or both coloured).

This last amendment to the law was designed to make much easier for the police to secure convictions in cases (which were common enough) where actual or attempted intercourse was hard to prove. The difficulty of proof was anticipated by the 1939 Commission, which suggested a rule of law declaring that "proof of the existence of certain circumstances shall be deemed

to be *prima facie* evidence of intercourse, e.g. that the parties were living together for a period, or were occupying the same room at night, or were discovered in a state of undress, or in such circumstances as would naturally lead to the inference that illicit sexual relations had taken place, or were about to take place."

After the new Act was passed in 1957, however, it was enough for the prosecution to show that one of the accused had attempted or invited or incited the commission of an (undefined) indecent act. It is the application of this Section 16 of the Immorality Act of 1957 which has produced the spate of prosecutions reported in the daily newspapers in rising numbers during the last couple of years. By 1960 it was known that over 100 cases had been heard every year since 1951 in the magistrate's courts in all parts of the country. This means that one person is prosecuted on every working day on which the courts sit. Incidentally, in their eagerness to prosecute, the police (like the 1939 Commission quoted above) have lost sight of the important distinction between stable and lasting relationships, involving families with children, and casual incidents resembling prostitution. The term miscegenation is used by those in authority to cover both these very different kinds of human relations.

In 1959 the daily press was disturbed by the extent of miscegenation disclosed in court cases. Some of these cases made news; for among the accused in various provinces since 1957 were a headmaster, the headmaster of a school, a well-known attorney, wealthy farmers who were married men, and the secretary to the late Prime Minister—all men whose social status was much higher than that of the men normally accused. From some cases it could be inferred that the police received help from informers; but even so, a senior police officer has admitted that only a very small proportion of all the offenders against the law are discovered.

The situation revealed is a curious commentary on the attitude to apartheid of an unknown number of white men; and especially of Afrikaners, who admittedly form a high percentage of the men brought to court.

The leaders of the Afrikaner community are themselves somewhat at a loss to explain, or to explain away, the situation. Of course, their debates, seldom in public, are influenced by the preconceptions of the powerful Dutch Reformed Church about sexual morality in general and by its anxiety about the deteriora-

tion of Afrikaner family life in the urban environment. The Government itself is now confronted by an awkward situation. The penalty for miscegenation is imprisonment, usually for six months, without the option of a fine. The possible maximum term of imprisonment has been increased since legislation was first passed, but heavier punishment has obviously not had the desired effect. No Government will repeal the existing laws. It seems likely that the present Government will simply try to hide the Afrikaners' "shame" by a new law prohibiting the press from publishing reports of the cases heard in court.

The Dutch Reformed Church has obviously discovered that the Afrikaners' interest in sex has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

It is significant that the Immorality Act of 1957 also tightened the law affecting brothels and prostitution; and from recent cases in the courts, the police are known to have increased their zeal in combating these forms of unlawful activity. What has hardly been perceived, however, is the probable relation between miscegenation and prostitution. There is reason to believe that before 1950, the majority of professional prostitutes came from the ranks of non-white women. In the Cape Province these would have been attractive Coloured women, and elsewhere African women newly emancipated from tribal restraints and newly introduced to the arts of cosmetics and fashionable dress.

After the law had tried to cut off this supply by making intercourse with non-white women a serious crime, it seems probable that the demand for prostitutes, known in almost every port and big city in the world, has been met in South Africa by a certain class of white women, including Afrikaners.

The first Immorality Act was passed in the 1920's, the years when industrialism and urbanization first began their rapid growth; and renewed efforts were made to extend the law in the 1930's, when the same economic and social processes had gone further and made a wider impact on all races of the population. No city in the western world claims to have rid itself of prostitutes or to have solved the moral and social problems implied by their continued existence. No one should therefore be surprised to find that Cape Town, Durban, or Johannesburg has a similar problem, perhaps aggravated by racial factors. It seems probable, when sex relations with non-white women were penalized, that some white women were exposed to temptations which seldom came their way previously.

Yet even these assumptions do not account for the whole situation. The rising number of immorality cases heard in the courts do not come only, or even mainly, from the cities and bigger towns. Records show that cases are heard all over the country, including the smaller *dorps*, where professional prostitution seems unlikely ever to have flourished. Moreover, miscegenation is not the same thing as prostitution, which implies payment to the woman for her services. To judge by the press reports, evidence of payment by the white man is lacking in some (perhaps many) cases, possibly because it is not necessary for the police to prove payment in order to secure a conviction. Nor would an unsolicited payment, made on a single occasion, necessarily stamp the woman as a prostitute within the normal meaning of that term. In the kind of case which is commonest nowadays, the police have merely to produce some evidence from which it can be inferred that overtures to intercourse were made.

It would seem that in order to understand the sexual attraction which black women have for some white men, it would be necessary to inquire beyond the sexual demand supplied by prostitutes in other countries. It would be necessary to know something of the special white mythology about the enjoyment of sex across the colour line, which is known to exist in the American South and which may exist also in South Africa.

One other aspect of the question may be touched on. Although there is no evidence to support their view, some Nationalists appear to believe that it is the liberals, with their emphasis on human rights and their desire for social contact between the races, who are likely "to go too far" and indulge in miscegenation. In January 1959, for example, the Minister of Bantu Administration asked the City Council of Johannesburg to agree to prohibit a dozen white citizens (whose names were given) from receiving Africans as visitors in their homes (a prohibition possible under another law passed in 1957). Nationalist newspapers, supporting the ban contemplated by the Minister, were quick to hint that social contact would or could lead, among other things, to contravention of the Immorality Act. It seems that some Nationalists think about these things in the terms Abraham Lincoln spoke of when he once "protested" against the counterfeit logic which presumes that "because I do not want a Negro woman for a slave, I do necessarily want her for a wife." (Lincoln himself was "horrificed by the thought of the

mixing of blood by the white and black races’’).

The Nationalists hate any kind of informal social contact between white and non-white people. Not content with avoiding such contact themselves, they want to prohibit others from having it. One way of preventing it is to imply that such contact inevitably leads to miscegenation. And, of course, the mere threat of prosecution under the immorality laws would be enough to deter most men from inter-racial contact with women because a prosecution, reported in the press, is enough to ruin a man's reputation, even if it ends in his acquittal.

That this is not a fanciful idea is perfectly illustrated by a case heard last year in a Cape Town court. The only evidence against a white bus driver charged with immorality was that he had been found playing cards late at night with a Coloured family. A member of the family testified that they had helped the accused when he was down and out, giving him food and ironing his shirts. Acquitting the accused, the magistrate advised him to break off his friendship with the Coloured family. “For a white man to have social contact with non-Europeans,” he said, “is to run a very grave risk.”

Amid the new forms of statutory immorality created by South African law, the true nature of morality is forgotten. True morality in sex relations, as Bertrand Russell has pointed out, consists essentially of respect for the woman and unwillingness to use her solely as a means of personal gratification without regard to her own desires. In this light one can see how improbable it is that positive respect for human rights, and proper recognition of social equality between races and sexes, would lead to those very casual sex relations across the colour line which form the bases of criminal charges.

For the men typically convicted of statutory immorality are not liberals openly preaching the importance of racial equality. On the contrary, they are men caught in a web of racially prejudiced thought and action; for it is precisely those who habitually treat non-white people as tools to be used for the white man's convenience, who find it natural to use black women for a passing sexual purpose.

From most of the cases reported in the press, this conclusion is clear: miscegenation arises out of the whole system of racial inequality, out of the popular habit of regarding all non-white people as essentially inferior, and out of contempt for “lesser breeds without the law.”

BACKGROUND TO VIOLENCE

JARIRETUNDU KOZONGUIZI

President of the South West Africa National Union

and spokesman for the indigenous peoples of South West Africa at the United Nations

As early as 1947, plans were being formulated to 'improve the living conditions of the location residents' in Windhoek, principal town of the mandate territory of South West Africa. Nothing, however, was done until the Nationalist Party was returned to power by South Africa's white electorate in 1953. In 1954, the administration of Africans in South West Africa was surrendered to the South African Department of Native Affairs, falling finally into the clutch of Dr. Verwoerd, who was then the responsible Minister. Lecturing on the geography of apartheid in Parliament, Dr. Verwoerd stated, "there must be a buffer strip of at least 500 yards wide between the Native residential area and that of any other racial group. No development at all is allowed in the buffer strip". The Windhoek old location would have to go and a new one established at a more secure distance from the capital of white South West Africa.

Plans for a new location were rushed through the Windhoek town council with no real discussion permitted at African Advisory Board meetings. The people in the old location strenuously objected to the manner in which the whole scheme was being handled and instructed the members of their Advisory Board to register their objections with the town council.

The Administration and local authority having settled the issue in comfortable defiance of Advisory Board objections, however, the Africans exploded their hostility in the press. In 1958, the first letters appeared in the pages of the '*Windhoek Advertiser*' and the '*Allgemeine Zeitung*', outlining the reasons for the refusal of the Windhoek location residents to move. They pointed out that Africans rejected the principle of apartheid on which the whole removal scheme was based. They detailed the economic hardships that the people would experience; for the rents in the new township would be considerably higher than in the old location, and the distance at which the new township was situated from their places of work would compel the Africans to meet transport costs which their wages were far too low to permit. Indeed, the majority of those living in the old location walked to their work already because they were unable to pay

for transport; and to any request for higher wages, the Administration's invariable reply was that it could not force employers to pay more than they were doing already. The correspondents further claimed that as inhabitants of South West Africa, the residents of the Windhoek location had a right to the land they occupied, and that to deprive them of their land would violate the right and the spirit in which the mandate was supposed to be administered. After stating that the Africans were not opposed to improvement, one correspondent wrote on behalf of the location residents: "Apartheid should not be confused with improvement. The policy of apartheid makes the interests of the Europeans paramount whilst depriving the Africans of economic opportunities, educational advancement and the enjoyment of political rights. The Africans are therefore not prepared to accept any scheme or plan which is based on apartheid, as they have suffered terribly under this inhuman policy."

The press raised the matter in one of the mayoral press conferences; but the mayor dismissed the objections as mere propaganda of the "rondloper kaffers" (kaffir-loafers). This immediately incensed African opinion, and the press was flooded with letters attacking the mayor's "irresponsible" statements and declaring that the Africans would never agree to move. Editorials in the press also regretted the "unfortunate" statement of the mayor and appealed to him to arrange a meeting with the location residents where the issue might be reasonably discussed.

In the end, the town council promised that as soon as Mr. Bruner Blignaut (Chief Native Commissioner) returned to Windhoek from the United Nations, a meeting would be held, and this was called on November 27, 1958. Present were the members of the Advisory Board and the Committee of Advisers to the Board (the latter were responsible for most of the letters in the press), the mayor, Mr. Jaap Snyman, the Superintendent of Locations (Mr. P. A. de Wet), and the Urban Areas Commissioner in the Native Affairs Department, Mr. van der Wath.

Mr. van der Wath gave the reasons for the Administration's intention to move the people.

1. Living conditions in the location were appalling.
2. The health of the people left much to be desired. There was little light in their huts and no fresh air whatsoever.
3. The living conditions had a bad effect on the working capacity of the people. The result was that many workers

were only able to do a half-day's work a day, and such people could not expect higher wages.

4. The new site was chosen because there was room for expansion; and, moreover, the future industrial site of the town would be in the direction of the new township, so that workers would be near their places of work.

5. The rents would be higher, but the 100 per cent. improvement in health facilities and other services justified the increase. The people could request reduction in rents if the income account showed a big surplus. The rents would be £1 19s. 6d. a month, while those who purchased the houses would only pay £1 for the services.

The meeting ended in confusion as the mayor refused to answer questions put to him. On November 28, 1958, the then Superintendent of Locations, Mr. P. A. de Wet, stated that the people could be moved to facilitate the implementation of the Government's apartheid policy. He further stated that the Advisory Board had consented to the removal. This was denied by the members of that Board on November 30, 1958, at a public meeting in the old location.

Another meeting with Mr. P. A. de Wet was held on January 1, 1959, at which he made it clear that the decision to move the people was unilaterally taken by the Administration and the local authorities. This the Advisory Board members reported to the residents of the location, who decided unanimously that they were not going to move.

This was the position in March, 1959. On May 1, 1959, I pointed out to the United Nations Committee on South West Africa that the Windhoek location "is another issue which will create a very explosive situation in South West Africa in the near future."

On October 4, 1959, the location superintendent called a meeting in the Herero section where he asked the people to appoint 'their' representative on the Valuation Board for houses in the old location. The people pointed out to him that they were not prepared to move. Mr. Vetira said at this meeting: "... we are not going to move, even if the other tribes move. We the Hereros will not move. Go and tell your Government and your police that now they can do what they want."

On October 12, 1959, I told the Fourth (Trusteeship) Committee of the General Assembly of the U.N. that the Administration was contemplating the use of guns and bulldozers to

move the people to the new location. Then, on October 29, a public meeting was held in the location under the chairmanship of Mr. Potgieter, the location superintendent. Present were Mr. Hager, Chief Magistrate of Windhoek; Mr. B. Blignaut, Chief Native Commissioner; Mr. Jaap Snyman, Mayor of Windhoek; Mr. De Wet, Manager of the Municipal Native Affairs Department; Mr. van der Wath, Urban Areas Commissioner in the Native Affairs Department; Colonel du Preez, head of the "Special Branch" or political section of the South African Police in South West Africa; and other officials. The meeting was attended by 3,000-4,000 location residents.

The representatives of the people explained to the authorities that they were not prepared to move. Mr. Mbaeva said: "Don't you know that this country is ours? We shall not allow settlers to come here and do as they like."

Mr. Nelengani said: "If you whites as educated people are administering this country so badly that there is no co-operation between whites and non-whites, hand the administration over to the Africans."

On November 1, the local authorities began with the evaluation of the houses in the Damara section of the location. Women were forced against their will by municipal police to attach their finger-prints or signatures to documents. A deputation of Dandara women, on December 4, then requested the Administrator of South West, Mr. Daan Viljoen, to meet them but he refused to do so.

On December 10, 1959, 11 people were killed and some 50 injured, 32 seriously, in clashes between the police and the inhabitants of the location. At 6 p.m. on the following day, December 11, I wrote in company with the other spokesmen for the indigenous peoples of South West Africa to the Chairman of the United Nations Fourth Committee, requesting a hearing at its final meeting of the session scheduled for that night. 8.30 p.m.

Confronted with our request, the Committee spent some three hours debating the procedural points involved; and then registered a vote firmly in our favour. At 1.30 a.m. we were invited to address the Committee and briefly put the facts of the situation before them. We asked that the United Nations should intervene forthwith; that the Secretary-General or a special Commission of the United Nations should be sent to the territory, or that the Security Council should be summoned.

The Fourth Committee passed the matter on to the United Nations Committee on South West Africa, which met on December 16 and heard us. We repeated our request for urgent intervention; and, on December 18, the Committee decided to send the following telegram to the Union Government.

“The Committee conveys to you its gravest concern over the recent regrettable incidents in Windhoek, resulting in the loss of life and bodily injury of many residents of the location. The Committee urgently requests the Mandatory Power to desist immediately from this deplorable use of force and from proceeding further with the enforced removal of the residents to the new site at Katutura. The Committee considers these actions of the Mandatory Power to be in complete disregard of human rights and dignity”.

On December 21, 1959, the Committee passed a resolution containing almost the same wording as its telegram, sending it to the Union Government and to the General Assembly of the United Nations. Another resolution was also passed drawing the attention of the Secretary-General to the situation in South West Africa. The African States have sent an urgent appeal to the Secretary-General to intervene in “this international territory”.

Action now rests with the Secretary-General. When the resolutions of the Fourth Committee were passed, he had already left on a tour of Africa; and they were to be forwarded to him. It is his judgment which will determine whether a special meeting of the General Assembly or the Security Council is to be convened, or a special visit paid to South West Africa by the Secretary-General as soon as possible. All we can do now is to hope and trust that he will act in one or all of the three ways open to him.

WINDHOEK DIARY

BRIAN BUNTING

Former Member of Parliament representing the Africans of the Western Cape, forced to resign his seat under the 'Suppression of Communism' Act and banned from re-election

I HAVE known Head Constable Sauermann, of the Cape Town Special Branch, for almost as long as I have lived in the city —going on for 15 years now. Our acquaintance, I may say, purely professional, and we meet only when we are compelled to. Yet so great is his interest in me that, despite his fundamental opposition to my views, he frequently comes to meetings to hear what I have to say, and from time to time visits my home without an invitation. The ripening of time, however, has made us understand one another, so that when I saw him at D. F. Malan airport on the day I left for Windhoek, I was immediately filled with misgivings. He wore a pair of dark glasses and a broad-brimmed hat and was armed with a pair of binoculars, though setting out for a day at the races. But the purposeful air with which he went about his business belied the casualness.

He was on my plane, of course, and when we touched down at Alexander Bay he came up to me and entered into conversation.

"Have you come all this way merely for my sake?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "To tell the truth, I didn't even know you were on the plane until I saw you walking out onto the tarmac."

"Oh", I probed, "are you going up to Windhoek for holiday?"

"No", he replied, offering no further explanation. The conversation wilted in the intense heat and we resumed our seats in the plane.

On arrival at Windhoek airport, Sauermann was met by some of his local colleagues, and they all had a good look at me while we were waiting for our baggage. We were to see a great deal of one another during the next few days.

In truth, the attention devoted to me by the Special Branch while I was in Windhoek was quite fantastic. I had been sent up by my paper, *New Age*, to investigate the situation resulting from the riots on December 10, when 11 people had been killed and over 40 injured in a clash between Africans and the police in the Windhoek location.

My hotel was overrun by Special Branch men. One was almost

ways drinking beer in the pub, another on the stoep, a third sitting outside in a motor car, while African plain-clothes men drifted about aimlessly and obviously on the pavements. A shop down the road seemed to be used as a rendezvous, and people were constantly scurrying back and forth.

The hotel manager knew all about it, the guests knew all about it, in fact before long a large part of the town knew all about it. Windhoek is quite a big place these days, but still small enough for most people to know most other people's business. And there isn't a great deal for them to talk about.

The riots, of course, had given everybody plenty to talk about. Nothing like this had happened for a long, long time, though it would have been obvious to everybody for a long, long time that something like this was bound to happen. It's the very old South African story. Authority, which is all-white, keeps on issuing orders to the voteless blacks and flies into rage and panic when its orders are resisted.

How, after all, do you get agreement between people who disagree? In a democracy, you argue the point, put the issue to the vote, and the minority abides by the decision of the majority. In South Africa, where the very principle of black-white discussion is anathema to authority, you eventually have to shoot it out. Only the people haven't got guns, so they use stones—and stones are no sort of answer to sten guns and armoured cars.

Yet the clashes break out more and more often. In the last two years, we have had the disasters of Sekhukhuneland and Verwoerd, Natal and Rustenburg, Paarl and Windhoek. Hundreds, no, thousands of people have offered active resistance to authority, have braved the worst that guns and batons can inflict upon them, have gone unflinchingly to jail or into exile. Men and women have been sentenced to death in our courts, but the stubborn spirit of resistance in them does not die, can never die, for it is fed by life itself.

When I made this point to the Mayor, Mr. Jaap Snyman, after he had taken me on a conducted tour of the old and new locations, he said:

"I know the mentality of these Natives. I grew up with them. It is not in their nature to oppose law and order. It was only when the agitators started telling the people not to move that the trouble began."

The Mayor and his officials perhaps believe this. It is hard for them to think that they are spending £1,500,000 building decent

brick homes for the Africans, and that the Africans appear now to be grateful. They ask you to look at the houses in the old location—the typical tin shanties you can find in any location anywhere in the Union, in Alexandra or Windermere or Cato Manor—and compare them with the neat-looking brick homes that are springing up on the hot sands to the north of Windhoek where the new township of Katutura is situated. They tell you about water pipes, electric street lights, water-borne sewerage.

They brush aside your reports that the Africans object to the enforced apartheid, to the higher rents and bus fares. And, in truth, some of the African leaders brush them aside too.

“Even if we were moving to Paradise”, they told me, “it is we who must decide to move, not they who must decide for us”.

There is a new wind blowing amongst the people of South West Africa, and many of the whites are frightened by it.

And yet it is an old wind too, and the people have been toughened by its rasping breath. The Africans of South West Africa have not had an easy time at the hands of their white overlords. In fact, the South West story is in some ways far worse than anything experienced in the Union.

Under the Germans it was really an era of blood and terror, the scars of which have not yet been erased from the memory or conscience of its inhabitants. “Granted” the territory by the notorious Berlin Conference of 1885, at which, of course, the voice of the inhabitants was not even heard, the German imperialists were involved in a series of protracted and costly wars with the various indigenous tribes who quite naturally resented and resisted the foreign invasion.

The Germans adopted towards the non-white inhabitants of South West Africa an attitude of racial superiority and contempt which would not appear at all strange to the eyes of Dr. Verwoerd. Paul Rohrbach, of the German Colonial Office, wrote, about 1890:

“The decision to colonise in South West Africa could after all mean nothing else but this; namely, that the native tribes would have to give up their land on which they had previously grazed their stock in order that the white man might have the land for the grazing of his stock. By no argument whatsoever can it be shown that the preservation of any degree of national independence, national property, and political organization by the races of South West Africa would be of greater or even of an equal advantage for the development of mankind in general, or of

the German people in particular, than the making of such races serviceable in the enjoyment of their former possessions by the white race".

Toughest of all those who opposed the Germans were the Hereros, who fought back with such determination that after four years of indecisive warfare the German commander, von Trotha, decided on a policy of total extermination. No prisoners were to be taken, von Trotha issuing a proclamation that "every Herero with or without rifle, with or without cattle, will be shot".

A German soldier serving in the 1907 campaign, Peter Moor, describes the fate of the defeated enemy: "We led the men away to one side and shot them. The women and children, who looked pitiably starved, we hunted into the bush."

Many of the Hereros fled into Bechuanaland, many died in utter misery on the battlefield. Here is a description of a village surrounded and destroyed:

"How deeply the wild proud sorrowful people had humbled themselves in the terror of death! Wherever I turned my eyes their goods lay in quantities, oxen and horses, goats and dogs, blankets and skins. A number of babies lay helplessly languishing by mothers whose breasts hung down long and flabby. Others were lying alone, still living, with eyes and nose full of flies. Somebody sent out our black drivers and I think they helped them to die. All this life lay scattered there, both men and beasts, broken in the knees, helpless, still in agony, or already motionless. It looked as if it had all been thrown out of the air.

"At noon we halted by water holes which were filled to the very brim with corpses. We pulled them out by means of the ox teams from the field pieces, but there was only a little stinking, bloody water in the depths . . . In the last frenzy of despair man and beast will plunge wildly into the bush somewhere, anywhere, to find water, and in the bush they will die of thirst".

The numbers of the Herero people were reduced by this process from 80,000 to 15,000, before an international outcry compelled the Germans to call a halt to the slaughter.

But lest there be those who think this treatment of the subject races of South West Africa was meted out only by the Germans, the bombing from the air of the Bondelswarts on the orders of General Smuts (a good 13 years before the Italians committed similar if more notorious atrocities in Abyssinia) should be borne in mind.

To-day the Hereros total only about 30,000 out of a total population in South West Africa of approximately 450,000 (between 60 and 70,000 of whom are whites). They are handsome, proud and dignified people; and, despite all that they have been through, their spirit is unbroken. The white racialists of South West Africa never stop complaining about them, and blame them for all the troubles that have occurred in the territory recently.

The location superintendent, Mr. De Wet, told the commission of inquiry into the riots that "mainly Hereros were against the move to Katutura. They comprised less than a quarter of the present location's population. The disturbances were caused by the Hereros". (*Cape Times*, January 12, 1960).

A leading Nationalist of South West Africa, in an off-the-record conversation with me on the stoep of my hotel one afternoon, found fault with the morals of the Hereros.

"Give me the Ovambos any time", he said. "With the Hereros you never know who is the father of their children. They are completely degenerate".

The Mayor of Windhoek, Mr. Snyman, during our drive through the location, confessed to a somewhat different view.

"They think they're too good for everybody", he said. "They regard themselves as the herrenvolk of South West Africa".

Which, coming from the Mayor of Windhoek, might almost be interpreted as praise.

Actually, the Africans are united over the location removal. Hereros, Ovambos, Damaras, Namas—all have joined to protest against it. At the big meeting held in the location in October 1959, to discuss the removal, not a single African of the 3 to 4,000 present could be found to speak in favour of it—not an Ovambo, Damara or Nama, never mind any Herero. All the praise for Katutura came from the white officials.

In fact, one of the main objections to the new location is that ethnic grouping is to be enforced there. Authority believes firmly in the policy of divide and rule, but the people realise clearly that unity is their only strength and refuse to be set one against the other.

There are two main political organizations among the African people—the South West Africa National Union and the Ovambo and People's Organization, both formed within the last year or so. There is no rivalry between them, since they were intended to serve different functions. S.W.A.N.U. aims to unite all the

peoples of the territory in political action, whereas the O.P.O. caters mainly for the needs of the 250,000 Ovambos, who constitute the bulk of unskilled migratory, contract labour on the farms and in the towns. The President of O.P.O., Mr. Samujoma, is a member of the executive of S.W.A.N.U.

The people that you meet in the streets of Windhoek are a fascinating mixture. Among the Africans there are the four main groups I have mentioned, and the experts claim you can recognise any of them at a glance. The Herero is supposed to be sharp of feature; the Ovambo has hair of a different texture and broader features; the Nama (or Hottentot) is light-skinned and might be taken for Coloured if his language were not so full of clicks; the Damara women wear their long, Victorian skirts slightly shorter than the others and have a different form of headgear.

Then, too, there are the Coloureds. Politically they can be differentiated from the Africans because on the whole they did not stand with them on the location issue, having been promised "township" of their own where they would enjoy home ownership. Racially you are asked to distinguish between the Union Coloureds and the South West variety, the Rehoboth "Bastards", to use the offensive name which has been given them by their white masters.

"When I hear that word I get sick up to here", a Coloured man muttered, drawing his finger across his throat. I notice that the recent State Information Office pamphlet on South West Africa has had the grace, or the shame, to drop the word, using instead the term "Rehobothers."

Not that there is much unity amongst the 70,000 whites who occupy the territory. The Afrikaans-speaking group is numerically the strongest, roughly about 40,000; next come the Germans, about 20,000; and then the English, some 10,000.

During the last war, the German community was strongly infected with Nazism; and after the war, as a reply to General Smuts's proposal to deport the worst of them back to Germany, they voted solidly with the Nationalists. To-day, however, I was told by a prominent figure in the German community who ought to know what he is talking about, a third of the Germans who voted for the Nationalists have already swung away from them, and the swing is still continuing.

"Why?" I asked, interested. "Do you think they will vote for the United Party in future?"

"Maybe not", was the answer. "But there is a definite feeling

that the Nationalist Government is making a mess of things. Then too, don't forget South West is going through a terrible drought. In some parts we have not had rain for three years. Cattle die off like flies and many people have had crippling losses. Economically the territory has been in the doldrums, except for mining, and when times are bad people 'blame the government'.

The German influence is very strong in Windhoek. The community has retained its national characteristics and forced the other sections to respect them. You can drink beer in the pubs on Sundays, and tables are laid out on the pavements in the Continental fashion. Your German, even when he is a Nazi, is "civilized" and very conscious of his heritage.

But though they patronise him for his vote, the other sections do not love the German. I was in the office of an official of the City Council when he happened to be speaking on the telephone to an assistant in a German shop. The Council official was an Afrikaner, but he spoke in English, not for my benefit, but because, he told me with his hand over the receiver, "I'm damned if I'm going to speak German to these people".

On the other hand, some non-whites told me they found the Germans on the whole less arrogant, less abusive than the Afrikaners. "They don't feel the need to impress you", one man said, "so they behave more naturally".

And so the various groups live together in hostile symbiosis. For those at the top, the struggle is worthwhile, for the pickings are lush. One farmer who shared a table with me at my hotel had come into Windhoek to get his car serviced. It was a special model, made to his own specifications at a cost of £5,000, and a mechanic was being brought out specially from Germany to give it the once over. My farmer had four other vehicles at his disposal. He had lived in the country for 30 years. "We have our bad times and our good times", he mused over his soup. "We have had these droughts before. A South-Westerner knows how to survive them. I would not like to live anywhere else".

There is probably nowhere else where he would get such a good return for his efforts. And his contract labourers from Ovamboland get only 1s. 3d. a day, plus rations and what is loosely described as "accommodation".

Here are a few more points of contrast between the level of black and white, culled from the latest Year Book:

In 1955 there were 9,934 white scholars in government schools in the Police Zone, each pupil costing the Administra-

on £46, excluding hostel expenses. But there were only 7,413 African scholars, each one costing the Administration only £12. In the Reserves there were a further 18,867 African 'scholars', at the standard of their education can be gauged by the fact that they cost the magnificent sum of £1 8s. 5d. each.

There is not a single high school in Windhoek for the population of some 18,000 non-whites and only one in the whole territory. Until last year an African who wanted to matriculate had to proceed to the Union. Last year the Rhenish mission training school at Okahandja took a matriculation class for the first time. Windhoek has no high school for Coloureds either. Coloured matriculants must proceed either to Rehoboth or to the Union for their secondary education.

Just one last figure: total direct expenditure on Africans in 1955-56 was £404,741—out of a total budget expenditure of £1,0720,000. This is the fashion in which the white man fulfils his 'civilizing' mission.

My visit ended as it had begun—with a visitation from the police. On the morning I was due to leave by air for Cape Town, I was roused from my bed in the hotel at 5 a.m. by two detectives, who, armed with a warrant from the Chief Magistrate, went through all my papers searching for something to do with "incitement to public violence". They apparently found nothing, for they went away with nothing—save the identity and views of many of the people I had interviewed, some of them not for publication. Thus do our masters safeguard the freedom of the press.

I came away from Windhoek with one abiding impression—that the whites of Windhoek, and probably of all South West Africa, will have no security until they learn to live in peace with their non-white neighbours. The use of force on December 10, 1959, has solved none of the problems of Windhoek. On the contrary, it has aggravated them, for the sense of grievance and resentment among the non-whites has been intensified by the losses they have suffered.

We live in the era of African liberation. If the whites who live on this continent refuse to come to terms with historical reality, they will have merited the dreadful fate which threatens them. For a seed has been planted and has started growing, and not all the stratagems of a tyrannical government will succeed in rooting it out.

A PETITIONER SPEAKS

MBURUMBA KERINA

The following speech was delivered to the United Nations Committee on South West Africa by Mr. Kerina, a spokesman for the non-white inhabitants of the Territory. His brother was amongst those killed during the Windhoek disturbances on December 1976.

MR. CHAIRMAN, a grave and critical situation exists in my country. This situation requires immediate and decisive action by the United Nations.

The United Nations can no longer countenance the appalling behaviour of the South African Government in the International Territory of South West Africa. We have stated here repeatedly and seemingly to deaf ears, that there is a limit to the suffering which the people of South West Africa can be compelled to endure. We have reached that limit. This is the end of our tolerance of midnight arrests, unjustified imprisonments, forced labour, removal from our traditional lands and the imposition of the alien doctrine of apartheid by those who cannot respect our humanity.

The cold-blooded killing of our people by the South African troops and the declaration of the state of emergency is not only an effort to suppress and victimize our people, but also a deliberate measure of intimidation against our people's demands that our territory be placed under United Nations trusteeship. Our people have been told time and again that the U.N. would do nothing to help them—most recently by the very Mr. J. G. van der Wath who spoke here of the benevolent intentions of the South African Government. The Foreign Minister has even gone to the length of charging that the U.N. is responsible for the state of affairs in S.W.A. It is—for not having taken action long ago to prevent this inevitable consequence of South Africa's flagrant violation of every principle of this organization.

The massacre of our people by Union troops and the continued bloodshed which will follow as long as South Africa is present in our land must be faced responsibly by this organization. The time has come for the United Nations to examine the platitudes and distortions of truth spoken by the representatives of the Union Government. The Union Government systematically uses these fabrications at the United Nations to disguise its real intentions. The current actions of the South Africans are as much a test of the United Nations ability to act to prevent them as they are a demonstration of strength and act of intimidation of our

people.

What has happened in S.W.A. points up the urgency of the need of a compulsory judgment of the International Court in this matter. Further, it requires the direct intervention of the Security Council. If there is any act to be called a "threat to international peace and security", the deliberate slaughter of innocent people in an international territory is.

Mr. Chairman, the people of South West Africa have lived for many years under this reign of terror. The present crisis is only the inevitable conclusion of what our condition has been and will continue to be as long as South Africa has any authority over us. What we demand is not just the end of these murders and the restoration of order, but we demand that immediate steps be taken to effect the immediate expulsion of South Africa from our land.

I appeal to the Committee on South West Africa to take the following steps immediately and simultaneously: (1) request the Secretary-General to visit South West Africa with a view to studying the situation and to report back at an early date; (2) inscribe the question of the crisis in South West Africa on the agenda of the Security Council for its immediate consideration and action. We have been authorized by our people to seek help from whatever source it is available. For 14 years we have maintained absolute faith in the U.N. and our hope that it would rescue us from this bondage. This is the final test of that faith.

STOP PRESS!

At the time of going to press with this issue of 'Africa South', the Deputy Minister of the Interior announced in reply to a question in the South African Parliament that legislation would be introduced this session "regarding the censorship of books and periodicals". The Bill has not yet been published, but there can be little doubt that its terms will make the continued publication of 'Africa South' within the Union useless, if not impossible. We hope that our readers everywhere, together with all those to whom the freedom of the press is a vital principle, will join us in expressing open hostility to any attempt by the South African Government to silence the voice of all opposition to its rule.

THE EMBATTLED PRESS

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

British Author, Journalist and Broadcaster. Former Editor of the London 'Daily Herald', present Editor of the Labour weekly, 'Forward', and Press Critic of the 'New Statesman'

THE battle for the freedom of the press has gone on in many countries and over many centuries. Whenever and wherever it has been won, a foothold of freedom has been held, however harsh and vigorous the forces that would destroy liberty. Whenever and wherever it has been lost, a hand has been held out to tyranny and oppression.

The freedom of the press is not something that simply belongs to newspapers. It is a possession and heritage of all—an essential foundation of civilisation.

"Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all civil, political and religious rights". So wrote Junius in one of the most famous of his letters in the middle of the long, bitter and heroic struggle against censorship in England during the eighteenth century.

As the South African Government prepares a new, and it no doubt hopes final, attack on press freedom, these words need to be remembered by every journalist and every reader of newspapers in South Africa, by every man and woman in fact who cares at all that South Africa shall still retain some vestiges of respect among the nations of the world.

And it needs to be reaffirmed, also in the strongest and most public way, by all outside South Africa who still hope that the true voice of what is best in South Africa may even yet be able to make itself heard while there is time.

The palladium, the ultimate safeguard of all other public rights. It is a high claim. But it is a true one. And nowhere more true than where, as in South Africa to-day, so many other of these rights have already been overthrown.

The freedom of the press is not, let me repeat, something special to the press. It is not something that belongs to journalists apart from all others. It is cardinal to the health of society as a whole. To strike at it is not to attack the interests of one profession or industry, it is to attack what is central to the most basic of all rights among men and women living in a com-

munity. For the freedom of the press is wholly a representative right, enjoyed by newspapers not on their own behalf but exercised on behalf of the public as a whole.

What does it consist of and why is it so important? The answer to both these questions arises directly from the responsibilities and duties of newspapers and the true relationship between them and the responsibilities of governments.

More than a century ago, a famous editor of the London *Times*, Delane, set down, in words that have an especial validity and urgency to-day, the nature of these responsibilities and the difference between them and those possessed by Ministers.

The government of his day sought, as governments terrified of the verdict of national and world opinion have always sought, to insist that it was the duty of the press 'in the national interest' to support the government in what it did, and if it refused to accept the duty to support, then to remain silent.

To this the *Times* replied in a classic statement of the true principles that should govern the relationship between newspapers and governments: "We cannot admit that a newspaper's purpose is to share the labours of statesmanship, or that it should be bound by the same limitations, the same duties, the same liabilities as Ministers. The purpose and duties of the two powers are constantly separate, generally independent, often diametrically opposed . . . The press can enter into no close or binding alliances with the statesmen of the day, nor can it surrender its permanent interests to the convenience of the ephemeral power of any government".

Delane, let me point out, was not a revolutionary. He was not even a liberal. The paper he edited was no radical sheet. It was the most influential and respected journal in the world and it represented all that was most solid and soundly based in British life. It was no accident that this was so. Nor that the forces upon which Delane could rely included not only those representing the new ideas of political democracy, but all that was strongest and most successful among the great commercial and industrial interests in society; for they realised that their own future progress and their competitive position in the world was inextricably bound up with the principles of freedom of information and opinion—with the right to know. What did they, and Delane who spoke for them and for all that was most respectable and responsible in society, hold to be the

essential function of the press? Let me quote him again.

"The first duty of the press", he declared, "is to obtain the earliest and most correct intelligence of the events of the time and instantly by disclosing them to make them the common property of the nation . . . The press lives by disclosures: whatever passes into its keeping becomes a part of the knowledge and history of the times, it is daily and forever appealing to the enlightened force of public opinion—anticipating, if possible, the march of events—standing upon the breach between the present and the future and extending its survey to the horizon of the world."

And of the duties of the journalist he said this:

"The responsibility he shares is akin to that of the economist and the lawyer, whose province is not to frame a system or convenient application to the exigencies of the day, but to investigate truth and apply it in fixed principles to the affairs of the world . . . His duty is the same as that of the historian—to seek out the truth above all things and to present to his readers not such things as statesmen would wish them to know, but the truth as near as he can attain it."

It is understandable that many governments have sought to prevent the exercise of such functions—especially those bent on evil. And all of them have always done so on the pretext that they were seeking to safeguard the public against exaggeration, or untruth, or pornography.

But the true reason has always been their fear of the power of the press to inform and educate public opinion in the full implications of what they were doing and its effect on world opinion. It is only governments that are guilty, and know they are guilty, that fly to censorship.

To do so is their admission that they are incapable of an honest defence before the bar of public opinion; it is a public acknowledgment that they cannot justify their acts before the conscience, intelligence and common sense of their own people and of the world.

That is the lesson of all censorship in peace-time. To examine the history of censorship is to examine the records of governments self-convicted of inability to justify what they are doing. It is historically the resort of all those who dare not stand up to an independent judgement of their acts—the perennial refuge of the cowardly and criminal in public administration.

Censorship seeks to invalidate the first basic compact between

newspapers and public—a compact that derives directly from the democratic system and is essential to all. This compact is, quite simply, to give news. Not such news as will please particular political parties or religious bodies or economic interests, but all the news that is available and that is necessary to a full comprehension of what is happening in the nation and the world. The importance of this compact—at which censorship strikes directly and, if it succeeds, fatally—to any society cannot possibly be over-estimated. It is only if people know, that they can judge correctly of the policies and principles by which their affairs are governed. For knowledge is not only power. It is the essential adjunct of any attempt to organise human affairs—and particularly, of course, to organise them democratically. The first essential of press freedom is, therefore, the freedom to obtain news and to report it: all the news, not news selected for particular interests for their own purposes or their own conceits. Access to information, the right to report what is going on in Parliament and in the Courts and the public reaction to it, to seek news wherever it is to be found and to publish it without any hindrance save the right of the individual citizen to protection against libel or trespass, this has historically proved to be the first and most fundamental of all the constituents of a free press.

It was the one that had to be fought for hardest and it is the one that is always attacked first by governments which seek to impose censorship in order to hide or disguise their own follies or crimes.

This freedom to report includes inevitably the possibility that some newspapers will sometimes be wrong. There has never been an occasion when the enemies of press freedom—the little, contemptible men frightened of the light—have not been able to point to some errors in some newspapers and seek to use them as an argument for the censorship of all.

But the safeguard of truth and of the availability of all that supply of public information upon which the life of civilisation depends lies not in control or suppression. There is no case in the whole history of the press throughout the world where government control and censorship has not produced worse papers and more misleading ones than freedom, with all its possibility of error. The safeguard against error or distortion lies not in an imposed unity of official "truth", but in the existence of many newspapers of many different opinions and

sources of information so that one can be set against another.

The most that censorship can do is to create a desert and call it truth. But the real truth, the truth that societies need if they are to expand and prosper, lies in the midst of diversity. And it can only, as the whole history of the press shows, survive in freedom.

The second essential pillar of press freedom is, of course, the liberty of expression. Like all the rights of which the freedom of the press is comprised this, as with the right to report, does not derive from something special to newspapers, but from what is essential to the existence of a democratic society. It is an extension to the printed word of the right, which ought to belong to everyone and does in all civilised societies, to hold opinions and to express them without hindrance, except in so far as they may prove contrary to the law of libel which exists to protect individuals.

It is only through the right, not only to report, but to interpret and comment on the news, that newspapers can fulfil their role as the representatives and watchdogs of the public. Whenever and wherever it has come to exist, a controlled and censored press has always been a bad press, for its real purpose has been taken from it. And the real damage has been not simply to newspapers themselves but to the national society as a whole.

No one can, in the light of its record, be surprised that the South African Government should now be preparing to impose such a censorship. But it ought to know and the people of South Africa ought to know, and perhaps especially the great commercial interests of South Africa whose international position and prestige will be affected more than any by such an act ought to know, that if South Africa does impose censorship it will stand before the world as a state governed by men afraid of the truth and committed to policies which they dare not allow public opinion to examine; a state whose citizens are denied the basic human right to know the facts and which dares not let the world know them either.

All who care for what is still left of South Africa's good name should fight these proposals to the very limit. It may not be an easy fight. The battles against censorship never are. But it is an absolutely essential one.

And it is one in which all who fight can expect and will receive the support and allegiance of the press and public of the whole of the free world.

SALISBURY AND LONDON

DENIS GRUNDY

Rhodesian Journalist and Special Correspondent of 'Africa South' in the Federation.

THE Comet IV is a very quick plane rather than a comfortable one and lands you in London doing the splits, one leg still pinned-down in Salisbury. The Christmas weather was far too warm for the bric-a-brac protective clothing habitually donned against any lightening visit to Europe; these had to be unwound immediately, and even the overcoat eventually followed.

Such unusual climatic warmth was matched by the glow of 'we've never had it so good'. Compared with three years ago everybody acted so rich, so unworried, so generous. 'How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho' sang through the petrol-fumed air, leaving no doubt that in an age given over to materialism, materialism works.

In this atmosphere it would have been astonishing to find any large section of the population impressed, or depressed, by the menacing situation in the Central African Federation. It was therefore a pleasant surprise to come across quite a number of little pockets of interest, set in widely different social garments, containing a few moderately knowledgeable nuggets. The idea that all Pommies are equally and absolutely ignorant on all Rhodesian political affairs is yet another Salisbury myth, sanctified perhaps by an instinct of self-preservation.

In London the African is taken entirely for granted. He is a permanent part of the establishment of the London Passenger Transport Board. He reigns over one kingdom of the entertainment world. At midnight mass he was by my side. At a most conventional wedding, one with no pretensions whatsoever to fashionable eccentricity, he was as comfortably inconspicuous as any other guest. The notorious trouble-spots are sordid theatres of gang-warfare, where provocation through race-insults, or any other kind, is part of the hostilities. If there ever was a time when the British at home shared, sympathized with, or even understood, intense feelings of race antagonism, they do not recollect it to-day. To win mass support in the mother country, white Rhodesians need only to sell the idea that they are a heavily oppressed racial minority.

At the time of writing, just after the selection of the last three members of the Monckton scratch team and on the eve

of Macmillan's first visit to Salisbury, it seems somehow remarkable that everybody so far whose opinion I have canvassed whether interested amateur or political professional, is quite certain that the two Protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland will 'go black' in double-quick time. And no regret, no crying over the spilt white milk of yet another British race.

On the question of whether the Federation will, or should be unscrambled, opinions divide. One school believes that the winning of responsible government by the two northern territories will almost immediately establish the African as the senior and controlling partner of the entire Federation. It seems to envisage thereafter a sort of Ghana, with the European remaining on as an administrative and technical coadjutor. The other considers federal dissolution more likely, with Southern Rhodesia probably joining the Union of South Africa. When taxed with the iniquity of handing over two-and-a-quarter million Bantu to the tender care of Verwoerd, it sometimes weakly counters with the suggestion that perhaps Southern Rhodesia could successfully 'go it alone', provided the policy of 'partnership' were genuinely implemented.

However naïve some of these views may seem, they do show a just appreciation of the pace, power and direction of the African advance everywhere (except in the Union), and a conscientious study of the facts of Federal life as presented by the English press. They can hardly be blamed for lacking any conception of what the white settler, and his allies elsewhere might really be up to. After all, it is often incomprehensible even incredible, to those in the know.

However liberal it may sound, the prognosis offered by the first school—with its end-product of black nationalism tempered by unofficial expert European experience—denies Garfield Todd's view that a multi-racial parliamentary democracy can arise out of the present chaotic situation. The Central African Party realizes, even if it doesn't admit it, the extreme unlikelihood of any significant support from settlerdom, and that only through a considerable widening of the franchise can it come to power, on the back of African votes. It envisages thereafter a truly multi-racial parliament, government and cabinet. The first school would seem to argue that Todd's position in such a political mixed marriage is likely to prove as insecure and short-lived as was Kerensky's at the beginning of the Russian Revolution. Having served their limited purpose, Todd and his white

Following stand an odds-on chance of yet another political assassination. *Et tu, Brute!*

Although it is probably unaware of it, the second school is plotting almost the same course as the Dominion Party in Rhodesia, however different the ultimate haven may be. For this right-wing opposition, the secession of Southern Rhodesia from the Federation and all its pitfalls now takes precedence over the older scheme for a 'Central African Alliance' (Southern Rhodesia plus the line-of-rail territory, including the copper mines, Northern Rhodesia), a far more equivocal and cumbrous arrangement. The Dominion Party, as could be guessed, plans a 'two-pyramid' state on lines of 'parallel development', euphemisms for a firmer, extended policy of apartheid not too distinguishable from the Bantustan model. Naturally some accommodation with South Africa is not ruled out. In any case, genuine 'partnership' in Southern Rhodesia will be somehow circumvented by any political party dependent upon the settler vote, almost unto death. Compare Whitehead's continual protestations of liberalism with the Salisbury Municipality's inability to torpedo plans for a multi-racial theatre, already *in situ*, through the regulations of an archaic bye-law governing multi-racial lavatories.

It is conceded here that Welensky has a most persuasive manner and a formidable reputation with several important Tory Ministers, though on what solid grounds nobody can say. It is true that he handed on to the House of Commons two highly contentious measures, the Constitution Amendment Act and the Franchise Act, 1958, in a form that the British Government found able to support and steer through parliament. But one would suppose that a price was agreed upon, while the only goods Welensky has so far been able to deliver are the worst racial troubles ever experienced in Central Africa and a rapidly disintegrating federation. On the other hand, Macmillan is a rated shrewd and quick enough to penetrate any of Welensky's protean disguises, and capable of screwing the most out of a man willing to sacrifice lightly-held convictions for the sake of a firm bargain.

Although the mass of the electorate will obviously continue to treat colonial upsets as minor nuisances, far away from their obsessive concern with having it even better at home than just 'so good', some important elements of the Establishment already recognize that the Central African Federation could prove

another Suez. Welensky has just executed yet another somersault by again stressing his determination to secure freedom from outside interference and complete independence for the Federation, with—of course—the suppression of that awkward watchdog, the African Affairs Board. As this was the line he took in the General Election last November in order to rout the Dominion Party by appearing to don their garments, it is clear that his weather eye is again fixed on the danger of a violent shift to the right by the European voter. The African, of course, does not materially matter, though during and just after the Emergency he was explaining that what he really meant by independence from the Colonial Office was a far greater degree of autonomy for the Protectorates, but within the Federation. He ended 1959 with the year's two greatest impertinencies. In New Year messages to an English Sunday newspaper he claimed that the country had shown its ability to stand firm in the face of danger and generously welcomed to his house any man who has had a bath. How many of the population—ninety-seven per cent. non-European—staunchly resisted their brothers? How many well-washed Africans have been entertained at Greendale?

In London it is comparatively easy to demonstrate convincingly to almost anybody that 'partnership' was, and still is, a confidence trick, played with white domination as the loaded stakes; that almost all sentient Africans were against it at the start; that now all of them are implacably and militantly hostile; that nothing will induce them to wear Federation much longer in any style of dress for the sake of less than three hundred thousand Europeans; and that any extension of the Federal writ will be met with violent active opposition. How long will the majority, but by no means all, of the Rhodesian settlers stubbornly fail to acknowledge that it will be an African Africa right down to the Limpopo within half a decade? And then? How long, O Lord, how long!

AFRICA'S PATH IN HISTORY

ABDULLAYE DIOP

Secretary of State, Republic of Guinea

IF All African People's Conference in Accra formulated the only real and dynamic principal for the reconstruction of Africa—'Independence and Unity'. Although brief, this formula is nonetheless the only one with concrete historical motives and objectives. The unity which will be achieved after independence will not be a partial unity, based on the artificially conceived English, Belgian, French and Portuguese zones. It is to be a fundamental unity, which, starting from our similar needs and conditions, will set free vast economic, social and cultural potentials. It will activate an enormous section of humanity, enabling it to participate in the creative enterprises of the world and so increase the capacities and possibilities of all men.

"Mere pipe-dreams", proclaim those who are wrapped up in their personal egotism, their unjustifiable privileges and their fear of any undertaking in which the profits and benefits would be out of their personal reach. Are we to base our reasoning on the opinions of those who so heartily applaud inter-planetary travel, but refuse to allow that human society should now realize the limits of its possibilities on earth?

What is Africa in the context of the world? An immense continent peopled by more than 200 million men, in spite of the great demographic impoverishment which took place throughout the period of slavery. What are her resources? Proportionately much greater than those of the most highly-developed countries. These can only be estimated on the basis of very sparse prospecting, which has hardly peeled the crust off her incalculable riches.

It is when the manner of making use of these resources is approached, that the divergences and contradictions appear. Here two completely irreconcilable theories come into conflict with one another, two irremediably antagonistic concepts. On the one hand, we have the colonialist concept. The colonialist, after having appropriated the means of all production and exploitation, the control and profit of all distribution, claims to develop the African market according to the most correct principles of commerce. There is no need to point out that these principles are closely linked to a racist concept of the

world, and that they aim unswervingly at a vast 'proletarianisation' of the under-developed countries.

On the other hand, we have the anti-colonialism of the under-developed countries, which has crystallized the national forces of the African people. The political objective of the Ghana Guinea Union, which has been taken up and expanded in the Union of Independent African States, is to co-ordinate and unify the national forces, to integrate them and make them into a 'power' at the service of the development and emancipation of Africa. It is quite apparent that this 'political' union will become as soon as the necessary conditions exist, an economic and cultural union as well—in a word, a union animated by African thought and directed towards African objectives.

There is no doubt that the colonialist powers, in spite of their own often relatively poor natural resources, have sacrificed the development of the colonized countries in favour of their own development. This has considerably accentuated the initial disparity which existed between the colonizing and the colonized countries, and has resulted in an outstanding human and historical failure which Africa must face immediately if she is to survive.

Independence and Unity will be the tools of our development, the means of our emancipation. This development and emancipation will provide a contributory force, a complementary source of strength to be placed at the service of a world society which will bring about the real freedom of all men.

In concluding, we cannot do better than to quote passages from speeches made by President Sekou Touré on various political occasions in Guinea. These passages clearly explain the nature of the movement for the freedom and unification of the entire African continent.

The Political Field

"In building up our country to the requirements of contemporary history, we must build communally and not according to the perspectives or interests of any particular nations or powers. If the building does not take place communally, it will not take place at all; for there is not one of our fundamental problems which can be solved if we do not solve it together. That is why the fragmentary independence of Africa must contribute towards her full independence and serve as a basis for her unification.

"We must strengthen the natural links of solidarity which join us, maintaining unity of action and conceptual unity. We must have the same objectives and reach them by the same means. We must promote the generalized use of our best methods, mutual exchange of the results of our experiments and ever-increasing dynamism and vigilance."

"It is because we do not consider freedom and sovereignty to be ends in themselves, but the essential means of our emancipation and the tools best adapted to our development, that from October 2nd, 1958, we state that the independence of Guinea has been defined as being at the service of the independence of Africa. We are fully aware that sovereignty can in no way help our peoples when it is fragmented and isolated in an Africa of which parts are still under foreign domination. For this reason we have written into our Constitution that we abandon our right of sovereignty for the benefit of any larger group which might form in Africa."

The Economic Field

"To take an example: independent Guinea produces coffee, bananas, palms, bauxite, iron ores, gold, diamonds, etc., thus exploiting the riches belonging to all of Africa. As we have said, however, Guinea alone, or Ghana alone, or Liberia alone, cannot influence the marketing of these products. Each country is at the mercy of the countries that buy from it. Now, let us suppose that there is an African common market for bauxite, iron, gold, diamonds, oil products, cocoa, coffee, and so on: the law of supply would be as effective as the law of demand; the inverse phenomenon would operate in trade relations, and the African common market would have considerable influence on the terms of demand. We should consider what a market of this scope could mean, in which the needs are as great as the resources.

The Cultural and Social Fields

"The basis for the participation of the black man in world culture is the African Personality. This cannot be validly reconstructed by the intervention of any will or force outside Africa, or outside the framework of the independence and unity on which the future of the Negro world depends. The cultural compromises resulting from domination and restriction necessi-

tate a complete reconversion on the part of the African man. Only in this way can he re-establish his real personality, his full possibilities, his unique values and the means of using his human resources."

"The future will comprise the sum total of the cultures and civilizations which are not too aware of their particular contribution and which are not absorbed in peddling their unique values. In order to attain greater achievements, it is not too much to expect that each should join his efforts to those of others, making his intellectual means, his scientific and technical knowledge available to the world. Because no people, no nation can change and grow except with and through others.

In the realm of thought man can claim to be the brain of the world, but on the concrete level of real life, where any occurrence will affect both the physical and spiritual being, the world is always the brain of man; because it is in the world that all the thinking forces can be found, the dynamic forces of development and perfectionism. It is there too that the fusion of energies takes place and where the full quantity of the intellectual capacities of man can be found. So who could claim to exclude any one school of thought, any one kind of thought, or any one human family, without by so doing excluding himself to some extent from the total society of man? The right to exist is established by presence, concept, expression and action. Any group which is denied this fundamental human right must be counted as a loss to the sum total of humanity."

"The science resulting from all human knowledge has no nationality. The ridiculous disputes about the origin of such and such a discovery do not interest us since they add nothing to the value of the discovery.

It can therefore be said that African unity offers the world a new humanism, essentially founded on universal solidarity and co-operation between peoples, without any racial and cultural antagonisms and without narrow egotism and privilege.

This is above and beyond the problems of West Africa and far removed from the quarrels which divide the highly-developed countries as are the conditions and the aspirations of the African people."

THE ART OF SUSANNE WENGER

OMIDIJI ARAGBABALU

Young Nigerian Critic; a frequent contributor to 'Black Orpheus'

THE tendency among modern European artists is increasingly towards total disengagement, non-commitment to any cause. The tachists, in fact, who believe themselves to constitute the 'avant garde' of modern painting, have reached a point where they painfully try to relieve their art of any content at all. The artist must not make any sort of statement with his art; he must try to exclude any thinking process from his work in order to let the hand alone produce a result. It seems clear, however, that in many cases a very deliberate effort of the will has to be made to achieve this state of bliss, and the result is only too often sterile and invertebrate.

It is extremely refreshing, therefore, to come across one of the few artists who have developed their own very personal style far removed from the dictates of current fashion.

Such a one is the Austrian painter Susanne Wenger, who has been living in Nigeria for nine years. Her work has a vigour and vitality that it is difficult to find in Europe nowadays, and the artist jubilantly admits her debt to Africa in this respect. Not that she has been influenced directly by African art. It is African life that has nourished her imagination. Susanne Wenger says that in Europe she felt continually frustrated because the artist no longer forms part of society there, but seems to be working *against* it most of the time. In Africa she has been able to become part of a community. For many years now she has been living in a Yoruba village in Western Nigeria. She is a fluent speaker of the extremely difficult Yoruba language and has absorbed much of the philosophy of this ancient culture. Her spontaneous grasp of Yoruba symbolism astonished her new friends and she was given a high title and senior place in the cult of Obatala, the Yoruba creator god, whose shrines it is now part of her work to decorate. Although her work is so completely different from indigenous woodcarving and provides a startling aesthetic experience for the Yoruba people, they nevertheless recognize a certain affinity of spirit in her murals and consider them a service rendered to the god. The women dance on the completion of each new work.

Apart from the murals, she is working mainly in an African



'batik' technique at the moment. This consists of painting on textile with cassava starch. The starch acts as a dye resist after drying; and when the cloth is dipped into a dark indigo vat, the painted areas remain white. Later the starch is removed and the cloth is dipped very lightly once more. Thus in the end the drawing appears in a light greenish-blue on a dark purplish background. This technique is used by Yoruba women to produce wrappers, which are decorated with geometric designs. Seldom do they venture into figurative representations, although sometimes highly stylized lizards, snakes and birds appear. Susanne Wenger has adapted this technique to produce enormous wall hangings depicting the stories of the Yoruba gods. She does not, however, 'illustrate' Yoruba mythology in a literal sense of the word. Rather she creates large compositions inspired by and making use of the symbolism of Yoruba religion. These cloths are striking because of their intensity of feeling, their agitated movement, and the general impression of wild power controlled by disciplined form.

It matters little whether we are interested in the particular philosophy that provides the source of power for these works of art. After all, we may be excited by Giotto, even if Christianity has no appeal to us. What is important is that these things mattered to the artist; that here is the rare example of a modern artist whose art is still related to her life.

Susanne Wenger once said to me: "Now that I have so much to say, I have ceased to think about the form." In much modern European art the perfection of form has become an end in itself. As a result art has often degenerated into an experiment. Not being nourished by life itself, it is invertebrate, abstract and ultimately irrelevant. It is precisely because she felt this situation so frustrating, that Susanne Wenger made her home in Africa. Here she can make her art grow from the content. Here her form grows perfect *because* it is only a means to an end.

It is a tribute also to Yoruba culture that it has been able to provide an important and significant artist like Susanne Wenger with inspiration and a spiritual home.



THE AMERICAN THAW: MILITARISM AND THE NEW LEFT

SIDNEY LENS

Author of several books and articles on American Labour and Foreign Policy

THE story is told of a Liechtenstein prime minister who was refused economic aid by the United States State Department because "you have no Communist problem in Liechtenstein". The distraught premier, seeking a solution to his dilemma, telephoned his friend, the French Foreign Secretary, and appealed to him to "lend us a few Communists so that we can get some aid from the U.S." The Foreign Secretary listened attentively. "I'd like to help you," he said, "but we need every Communist we have ourselves."

This piece of political fiction is all too illustrative of the negative character of current American foreign policy. Ever since 1947 the primary objective of U.S. policy had been simply to check the advance of Communist power, relegating all other aspects of foreign affairs to secondary status. Before the Second World War, Russia was an isolated country, offering an ideological challenge to Western Capitalism but hardly a military or economic one. And then the Russians broke speedily out of their isolation and established a solid geopolitical unit stretching from Central Europe to the Pacific.

To American leaders, this was a discomfiting development. From each new set of hostilities—against Britain in 1776 and 1812, against Mexico in 1846, against Spain in 1898, and against Germany and Austria in 1917—the United States had emerged victorious, with its power enhanced and unchallenged (at least for a respectable period of time) by antagonisms of the peace. Protected by two oceans and confronting no great power within its own hemisphere, the United States could relax after each battle and march forward with jaunty self-confidence. World War II, however, removed the oceans as a military defence and confronted the U.S. for the first time with a threat that was ideological, military, political and economic at once. The country was now face-to-face with the most extensive nationalist revolution in all history; and foreign policy, whose primary concern for a century had only been trade and capital advantage, suddenly found itself hurtled into a new kind of world conflict—without a plan of how to cope.

By tradition the American people are strongly anti-colonialist. America, after all, was the first nation to win its freedom from British colonialism, back in 1776. It did take from Mexico, in 1848, a huge tract of land stretching from New Mexico to California, but this was incorporated into the United States rather than treated as a colony. Only a few relatively small areas, like the Philippines, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands were ever ruled as direct dependencies. Sympathy for the oppressed and the underdog therefore, has always been a feature of the American political morality. Thus when Indonesia won its independence from Holland after War II, it had wholehearted U.S. acclaim. When Fidel Castro overthrew Batista in 1958, he excited the admiration of the average American. When dictator Perez Jimenez was overthrown in Venezuela, the grass-roots American applauded the result. Anti-colonial and anti-dictator sentiment is still so strong that U.S. governments cannot entirely by-pass it. They must explain all their acts, even when assisting dictators, in terms of "fighting for freedom" or "preserving the free world".

The basic hostility of the American people to dictatorship also accounts, of course, for their growing bitterness towards the Communist world after World War II. Opposition to Russia has grown most since the revelations by Polish and other inmates of Soviet labour camps, who were released during and after World War II. In the 1930's and during the war there was a reservoir of friendly feeling towards the Soviets in America, but as a new picture of Russia began to emerge it offended the American belief in "fair play", America's popular and pragmatically produced image of just government.

It is one of the grotesqueries of history that this democratic and anti-colonialist élan of the American people should have been put at the service of a foreign policy that props dictatorship and, more often than not, colonialism. In the face of what is considered the greater enemy—Communism—Americans are winking at what are considered the lesser enemies of dictatorship and imperialism. Communism, in the pragmatic American view, is considered not the *derivative* of imperialism, poverty, hunger, disease, and the revolutions that follow in their wake, but as the driving force that upsets the American *status quo*. This compartmentalization of the problem, fostered by successive regimes out of ignorance or venality, is at the root of the negativism in American foreign policy. If Communism would only

disappear, or if it could be prevented from "agitating" in underdeveloped (as well as advanced) countries, "we would be safe"—so runs the argument. A pragmatic people living in the warm climate of prosperity for two decades finds it difficult to visualize a world of so much poverty beyond its shores. The State Department, blinded itself to the import of a revolutionary change, fosters the hope that somehow or other Communism will "disappear" and the "American century" continue unchallenged. "The United States holds the view," said a State Department memo of August 1958, "that Communism's role in China is not permanent and that it one day will pass. By withholding diplomatic recognition from Peking, it (the State Department) seeks to hasten that day." There is little doubt that this estimate also holds for the Soviet Union and the other communist countries. Communism is viewed as an episodic historical phenomenon that "one day will pass."

The question that American foreign policy poses for itself is how to make it pass. If Communism is viewed as a derivative of hunger, poverty and imperialism, the obvious answer is to attack the hunger, poverty and imperialism themselves—to fight colonialism, to help develop underdeveloped countries, to organize a world campaign against ignorance and underprivilege. This would be a positive answer, but it is not the current American one. The policy-makers here are still fighting today's wars with yesterday's weapons. They understand the necessity of giving economic aid to weak countries in order to prevent external Communist victories—and, in the last fifteen years, such aid has run into tens of billions of dollars. But their considered opinion is that, in the final analysis, it will be military power that will contain the enemy. Military power has always been the cornerstone of Western diplomacy; why not now? The logic of U.S. policy, therefore, is cut to the military pattern: anything that strengthens the military hand is considered beneficial, anything that weakens or does not affect it is considered irrelevant or harmful. If the U.S. can forge a military alliance powerful that the Russians will realize that they cannot win a war, then victory is assured. This is the compulsive feature of American policy.

The United States is thus willing to pay almost any price to win a military concession. It supports dictators like Franco in Spain because Franco gives the Pentagon military bases. It supported Chiang Kai-shek long after his corruption and im-

potence were obvious because he was considered a solid military ally, though unworthy social ally. In choosing between American colonialism and military pacts, American policy supports the military. Thus it continues to give aid to France despite her colonialist ventures in Algeria, because France's adherence to NATO is considered much more important than the possibility of friendship of the native population in France's colonies.

For a decade now the policy of "deterrence" has proved to be a god with clay feet. Despite America's military superiority during most of this decade (and probably even today), the Soviet world has not in fact been contained or the balance of power held intact. The United States gave \$3 billion in military aid to Chiang Kai-shek, and the Communists won China all the same. Northern Viet Nam went Communist, and a host of nations that were once included in the Western roster are now neutralized. Only a decade ago Western influence in the Middle East was decisive; today only Jordan and Saudi Arabia can be counted on as moderately friendly, and how long that will last remains to be seen. In the colonial areas, the new nations—like Ghana and Guinea—tend to become "positive neutralist". Even in Latin America, a number of nations that were clearly and solidly in the American camp are drifting away as liberal and left-wing revolutions change the character of their governments.

The United States can, of course, record a number of minor victories. The Central Intelligence Agency, a super-secret organization directed by Foster Dulles's brother, Allan, played a large part in helping the Iranian Shah to overthrow the Mossadegh regime and Castillo Armas to remove the Arbenz government from power in Guatemala. Mossadegh was a neutralist, Arbenz somewhat closer to the Soviets. But these do not nearly offset Soviet victories. The balance of power on a world scale has definitely drifted Eastwards. Russian economic strength has made significant strides, and Russia is able to woo many a country that yesterday could look only to the U.S. for help. Recently, for instance, the Soviets granted aid of \$100 and \$50 million respectively to Ethiopia and Guinea. Considerable sums have been given to India and other Asian countries. The negative policy of military deterrence, viewed in any light, has been a failure.

For a time, in the early 1950's, the United States was the only nation that possessed atomic and hydrogen weapons. During that period, there was a small extremist group that favoured

preventive war" to destroy Russian power before it became too strong. Since the Russians have developed their own atomic and hydrogen bombs, however, even the military balance has become less favourable. Almost no one any longer entertains ideas of preventive war. The nation flounders on with an antiquated policy which C. Wright Mills has aptly described as "peace through mutual fright".

It is this negativism which accounts, at least in part, for the rise of McCarthyism on the one hand, and the dilemma of the American liberals on the other. The late Senator Joseph McCarthy gained a significant following because, unlike Dulles and his Democratic Party predecessor, Acheson, he conceded that the U.S. was losing the cold war. Acheson and Dulles tried to reassure the people that the U.S. was not actually losing the peace, that all the setbacks were temporary and episodic. McCarthy, on the other hand, flamboyantly conceded that the nation *was* losing. He attributed the losses, however, to the naïve notion that the "Communists have penetrated our State Department". To a people apathetic about international affairs, this oversimplified answer seemed more realistic than the Dulles-Acheson reassurances. Americans, uneasy over Russia's gains, were finally being given a reason, however remote from reality; and McCarthy recruited millions of adherents. The growth of McCarthyism was aided in some measure too by a decline of liberal and radical fervour. Hundreds of thousands of men who in the 'thirties were Socialists or Communists, drifted away from radicalism in the prosperous two decades that followed. The philosophy of revolution, potent in the 1930's when over 12 million were unemployed, seemed unreal in a country with almost 60 million automobiles, relatively full employment, a pyramiding middle class, and many millions of workers earning \$6,000 a year or more. There were still distressing features, of course—in the discrimination against Negroes in many areas, or the two million agricultural workers with incomes of only \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year; but there had been an undeniable and sensational rise in American living standards, particularly after the war. In such an economic climate yesterday's radicals—inside and outside the labour unions—accommodated themselves more and more to the *status quo* and began to look on American capitalism as less of an evil than Soviet totalitarianism. They too became fervent adherents of the policy of containment. They felt that America

should give much more aid to underdeveloped countries—Walter Reuther wrote a pamphlet calling for expenditures \$13 billion a year for 100 years—but they also endorsed the Pentagon's program of "massive retaliation" and military deterrence. Differing only in emphasis, they marched parallel with the Pentagon. Some even berated Eisenhower for "not spending enough" on armaments. A force that had berated Roosevelt when the armament budget was less than a billion dollars a year now endorsed enthusiastically a \$42 billion a year expenditure.

And so for the first time in American history the military has become a political factor in peacetime. The American revolutionaries of 1776 insisted that after every war the military had to be stripped of all its influence. Until post-War II, that has always been the case. Now, in the face of "the Communist danger", the military has risen to unprecedented power. This power stems, first of all, from its role as the nation's number one customer. The military, in 1958, contracted for \$47 billion worth of goods and material. Its establishment has been estimated at a value of \$160 billion. It operates 950 military installations in 73 countries around the world, where it barracks 1.2 million troops. It owns 32 million acres of land (five times as much as all the arable land in Egypt), plus 2.6 million acres in foreign countries. Whole industries depend on it for sustenance: in 1955, for instance, 85 per cent. of aircraft production was for the military. So important is the factor of military buying that 88 large companies reported recently that they employed 723 retired military men of the rank of colonel and above, ostensibly to help in liaison with the Pentagon.

As if this burgeoning economic power were not enough, the military has become a political and propaganda force. In 1949 there were nine Army generals and 58 colonels assigned to civilian governmental agencies; by 1957, the assigned had grown to 200 generals, 1,300 colonels and 6,000 officers of lower grades. The *'Army and Navy Bulletin'* of January 18, 1949, boasted that "today the Army has virtual control of foreign affairs . . ." This is certainly more true in 1960 than it was a decade ago. A minimum of \$12 million a year is spent for military public relations. In 1953 the *'Saturday Evening Post'* was one of the two largest weekly magazines in the country, publishing 57 articles friendly to the Pentagon—more than one a week. The Pentagon has a staff of more than 3,000 propagandists.

lling the military way of life to all and sundry.

This has become necessary because America's foreign policy conceives of the military as the main answer to Communism. In today's world it is not only the soldiers who are important in war, but the civilians in the factories and on the farms who make an equal contribution. If, therefore, you are going to be ever ready to wage "massive retaliation," you must have a people ever ready to obey orders, to follow instructions. That is why the American government has perfected a "loyalty" and "security" programme, supposedly to ferret out potential spies and subversives. Not a single spy has as yet been uncovered by all these measures, though the FBI has looked into the history of millions of government workers to see if they had ever been associated with "subversives". But the ceaseless investigation has created a mood of fear and conformity—precisely what a nation that is ever ready to fight must have.

In this policy the military has the eager support of big business. American entrepreneurs in 1957 sold \$26 billion in goods and services to foreign customers. Branches of United States firms overseas sold another \$32 billion, for an astronomical total of \$58 billion (ten times the national income of South Africa). "Foreign earnings", wrote *Fortune* in January 1958, "will more than double in ten years, more than twice the probable gain in domestic profits". The \$37.5 billion invested abroad in 1957 was approximately double what it was only seven years before. Ten years from now it will probably rise to \$60 billion. A business community that invests so lavishly and does so much business in foreign countries curries to "safe" governments. It is satisfied with a King Ibn Saud in Saudi Arabia because his dictatorial regime is supposedly "stable" and quite willing to make favourable financial arrangements with foreign companies. The dictator does not talk of nationalizing foreign firms. He permits them to earn profits which in many instances are five times the rate of domestic profits. Military objectives and business objectives thus coincide: the military wants "strong" governments that will give it military bases; the business community wants "strong" governments that will permit super-profits.

At home the outlooks of these two élites also mesh. The military wants an obedient people, conformist and complacent about social problems; big business similarly seeks moderation and conservatism to protect its investment. These two forces

in American society have become staunch allies, and they tend to blend and coalesce into a new type of ruling class. The new power élite generates its own momentum for internal and external support of the *status quo*, no matter how many times this policy has been proven futile. The State Department, expressing the inherent logic of this new oligarchy, puts its support behind reactionary and dying regimes. The federal government internally tends to oppose social reform or "go slow". It yields grudgingly to necessary change. It continues the wide gap in income. It fails to spend anywhere near enough—considering America's wealth—for schools, hospitals, and medical research. Its eyes are glued to the *status quo* in everything.

In the last two years there has been a small, but insistent re-awakening amongst the American people. The McCarthyist tide has spent itself; people are now looking for more realistic answers. Wherever lecturers speak of a *social* answer to Communism, they find increasing acceptance. Men like Senators Fullbright and Mansfield are more and more questioning official policy. Adlai Stevenson, twice defeated for the presidency, has been speaking forthrightly on foreign affairs of late in contrast to the conventional role he played during his campaigns. In the House of Representatives there are perhaps a dozen new faces, elected in 1958, who oppose the theory of deterrence. Foremost amongst them is Chester Bowles, former Ambassador to India and a brilliant writer on the subject of foreign affairs. In the State of Vermont, which for nearly a hundred years has never returned a Democrat to Congress, William Meyer ran as a Democrat on a programme of recognizing Communist China and changing basic policy—and won. Byron Johnson, a Gandhian pacifist and member of the board of the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation, squeezed through to victory in Colorado. Able writers like George Kennan and James P. Warburg continue to hold an ever more receptive audience for their policy of "disengagement".

Most of the Left has been quiescent in recent years; but beginning two years ago, the Gandhians—led by a septuagenarian named A. J. Muste—have been fighting militarism with greater vigour. Four of them captured the nation's imagination by attempting to sail a small boat into the hydrogen bomb testing area of the Pacific Ocean as a protest against the spread of nuclear fall-out. They were arrested and their ship temporarily

confiscated, but another small boat achieved its purpose while they were in jail. Demonstrations have been organized near missile bomb sites, prayer meetings conducted and other mass action taken in an attempt to dramatize the war danger for the American people.

The American people, contrary to notions abroad, are quick to reverse themselves. Being pragmatic, they may follow a false course for some time, then make a 180-degree shift. It is conceivable that the present reverse of momentum, the defining hold of McCarthyism, the limited thaw in the cold war with the Krushchev visit and Eisenhower's planned visit to Russia, may yet see a complete change in policy and the whittling away of the power of the military-business alliances. Chester Bowles calls this the "new consensus". He looks to the day when Americans will fundamentally change their present foreign policy, shifting from an emphasis on the military to an emphasis on developing the underdeveloped world.

For such a change, the Negro question is pivotal. The one-party Southern States, disfranchising the bulk of their large Negro populations through poll taxes, literacy tests and other laws, elect conservative Senators and Congressmen year after year, who accumulate seniority and so control all the important Congressional Committees. But the Negro in the South, led by handians like Rev. Martin Luther King, is making sizable gains fortified in his endeavours by the pressures of the Negro vote throughout the rest of the country upon the Administration and the leaders of both political parties. The elimination of the one-party system in the South, with the resultant disappearance of the most conservative element within the Democratic Party, cannot but help enormously to change the direction of the country.

Such a basic change is not pre-determined. But three times before in United States history its people have made a fundamental reorientation, have achieved the "new consensus". The first time was the American Revolution of 1776, which freed thirteen colonies from British rule and established the United States. The second was the Civil War of 1861-65, when America removed the barriers to becoming a great industrial nation. The third was in the 1930's when *laissez-faire* capitalism was replaced by controlled, welfare capitalism. Now America awaits the fourth great historical turn. It may or may not make it. I believe that it will.

TOWARDS AN AFRICAN LITERATURE

XII: THE MOUNTING ANGUISH

DR. A. C. JORDAN

Lecturer in Bantu Languages, University of Cape Town

IF "*Hadi Waseluhlangeni*" (The Harp of the Nation) was the outstanding writer of his period, he was not a Gulliver alone in Lilliput. There were several other writers of merit who were just as critical of the social derangement, just as outspoken of himself, if less erudite.

First there is "W.G.", who writes very bitterly about the mounting anguish of a subject people.

"Why should a pass be forced upon people who have demonstrated in every way that they are loyal British subjects, people who remained *sleepers* (i.e. neutral) when their compatriots were fighting, people who remained with the Government and bore patiently all sorts of ugly, humiliating experiences? It is these people who are to-day deprived of their guns and forced to carry passes. And yet other British subjects still possess their guns, and now and again shoot people dead—by mistake, and they usually plead . . .

"Let there be some difference, now that we are British subjects. We cannot be made to carry passes when the white man does not. We cannot be deprived of our guns when the white man is not deprived of his. Our demands cannot be ignored when those of the white man are not. Our cattle cannot be branded when those of the white man are not. For we are equal under Queen Victoria, Child of the Beautiful. At present, however, this oneness is remembered only when money is required of us. Ah! when it comes to money, even the most aged woman is drained of her very last possessions . . ."

There is evidence in '*ISIGIDIMI*' that the Xhosa reading public has become familiar with Soga's translation of *The Pilgrim's Progress* by this time. Characters and incidents in this book are frequently referred to analogously. The Slough of Despondency, Vanity Fair, Apolyon, etc., have become bywords. An outstanding example is the analogous use of the incident of Giant Despair in a controversy about impending parliamentary elections. The writer, who remains anonymous, says:—

"Readers of *UHambo lo Mhambi* (The Pilgrim's Progress)

will remember the story of Christian and Hopeful, the day they were found by Giant Despair. It is said that the giant put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask them how they did . . .

"Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: who, when she heard about the prisoners, told her husband 'to beat them without mercy'. True enough, on the following morning they were beaten fearfully. The next night she, understanding that they were still alive, *'did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves'*. Truly then, the giant did give them this advice, and again he beat them. But they, though tempted by this counsel, finally resolved not to accept it. *If they must die, it must not be by their own hands.*

"We are reminded of this story by a number of men who are at present scattered amongst us, black folk, counselling us how to get out of this slough, this dungeon of suffering into which our community has been cast these past years. We have complained of laws that oppress the black man alone: the branding of our cattle, pass laws, disarmament without even adequate compensation for our guns. We have complained of the imprisonment of our ministers of religion, their being arrested by the police while carrying out their duties to the Word of the Lord. We have been pushed around by so-called location regulations. These and other things have been heavy on our necks, and many of them still remain so, and we do not know what to do about them. And now the time has come to elect men to go to parliament. Among the men who are going to parliament there are those who are going there to add to the burdens we already have. These men make no secret of the fact that they still regard the black man as an enemy, a thing to be treated as an enemy, a thing to be deprived of education grants.

"To-day, it is those same men who have come to our people and expect that it must be we ourselves who send them to parliament. Hence, we say that they have come to counsel us to do away with our own selves. Giant Despair said, 'I bring you counsel that will help you when I say that you had better kill yourselves'. In like manner these men come smiling up to us and say, 'It is our ardent love for you that makes us say that you had better elect us, the people who will truly destroy you'. Diffidence was enthusiastic about her counsel.

In like manner these men are enthusiastic about the counsel they bring to us.

"It will be well for us to confer on this matter. The two men we have used as an example conferred before they resolved what to do. The day is very near when we must resolve what to do, hence our suggestion that there must be unanimity among those who have the right to vote. For our part, we say we must not accept the counsel to do away with our own selves. If we must die, it must not be with our own hands".

The rejection of "Hadi's" article by 'ISIGIDIMI' (see 'Africa South' Vol. 4 No. 2, Jan.-March, 1960) is not taken lying down by other contributors. A letter by "G.K." reveals not only the readers' high regard for "The Harp of the Nation", but also a growing loss of confidence in 'ISIGIDIMI'. "G.K." writes as follows:

"We complain particularly because, while refusing to publish Hadi's article, you, Mr. Editor, undertook to reply to it. This is unfair to Hadi as well as to your readers. If you felt that you must reply, then surely you should have published Hadi's article, to enable intelligent readers to make their own judgement. This man Hadi never writes nonsense. I may tell you then that your comments (on the unpublished article) have only served to make our mouths water, and we so wish that we had read the article and drawn our own conclusions. Would that you had not made these petty comments of yours."

Evidence that the readers were keeping a watchful eye on 'ISIGIDIMI' is to be found also in a contribution made by Daniel Zondiwe on behalf of a group of malcontents in Tembuland. A representative of 'ISIGIDIMI' had visited certain parts of the Transkei and, on his return home, written a series of articles. In one of these, he lavished praises on a magistrate by the name of Levey, a very efficient labour-recruiting agent who had been popular in the Transkei till after the Gun War. In his reply, Zondiwe makes very graphic analogies, one drawn from the hunting methods of the Thwa ('Bushman'), and the other from the famous allegory of *Mother-Wasp and her Family* (found in a Xhosa Reader published at Lovedale). He writes as follows:—

"I want to say that the reason why you, Mr. Editor, think this magistrate is a good man is that you do not live close enough to him. If you were to live close to him just for one month, then you would know his spirit. Yes, he is good at handling court cases, but when it comes to political matters—never!

He is the type of man who comes to the people as one of them, when, in fact, he is the enemy.

"He is like a Thwa ('Bushman') hunting ostriches. They say that when a Thwa goes ostrich-hunting, he covers his body with an ostrich-skin to deceive the ostriches. Slowly he draws near them, now bending low and pecking the ground just as ostriches do, now ruffling his ostrich feathers. Then he goes this way and that drifting towards them, until he is so close that his arrow can reach them. Then he draws his poisoned arrow. Such a man is this *Livi* . . .

"We have also heard the story of *Gxidolo* (Sloven), son of *Nomeva* (Mother-Wasp). He died of poisoning. It is related that when a certain man warned him that it was poison that he was drinking, he retorted, 'Get away! What do you know? Do you think poison would taste so sweet? Never! Poison would taste bitter, like medicine!' But before he knew what was happening, his whole body was trembling, and his wings were paralyzed, and all he was able to do was to say in a hoarse voice, 'Be kind enough to tell my mother how I met my death'.

"Such, then, is this man to those who think he is upright. 'He is sweet, loving to our people, and would never betray them'. It seems to me that we on this side (of the Kei) will awake one day to find our bodies trembling and our wings stricken with paralysis; and when we try to speak, all we shall be able to do is to say in hoarse voices, 'This magistrate is not an upright man'."

The mounting dissatisfaction with the policy of '*ISIGIDIMI*' gives occasion to a fairly regular contributor who styles himself *Silwangangubo* (Eared Vulture) to recall with a certain amount of nostalgia the short-lived predecessors and contemporaries of this journal. He mentions '*IKhwezi*', '*Indaba*,' '*ISibutho Samavo*' and '*UMwesile*', which are all dead. Of the last, he says, "Alas! Even '*UMwesile*' is dead, and he died with a big mouthful of people's subscriptions".

But another contributor, Booi Kwaza, has no illusions about any of the Xhosa papers that have existed hitherto. He knows that they were all controlled by "foreigners". He is concerned about the young intellectuals who, after so much money has been spent on their education, are not encouraged by senior compatriots to make their contribution to the cultural progress of their people. "What are we educating them for?" he asks. "If you lay an egg and abandon it unhatched, who do you think will

hatch it for you?" He deplores the sorry spectacle of a whole people depending on milk from a "one-teated cow" (*'ISIGIDIMI'*), and all of them jostling and elbowing one another in order to get at this one teat. "You can see", he says, "that amongst the white people the war is not being fought by means of sticks and spears, but by means of the pen and the brain. Countrymen, the time has come when something must be done by us—and it must be something other than the usual mutual bespattering. The time has come to find our young men something to do. The first thing we must acquire is a printing press".

Diplomatically, he says, "I do not look down upon *'ISIGIDIMI'*. I admire it: I like it very much. All I am saying is that we must have a paper owned by the black ones, which it would not be a mistake to name *'ITemba'* (Hope). I refer this matter to every black African".



A DRINK IN THE PASSAGE

ALAN PATON

IN the year 1960 the Union of South Africa celebrated its Golden Jubilee, and there was a nation-wide sensation when the one-thousand-pound prize for the finest piece of sculpture was won by a black man, Edward Simelane. His work, AFRICAN MOTHER AND CHILD, not only excited the admiration, but touched the conscience or heart or whatever it was that responded, of white South Africa, and seemed likely to make him famous in other countries.

It was by an oversight that his work was accepted, for it was the policy of the Government that all the celebrations and competitions should be strictly segregated. The committee of the sculpture section received a private reprimand for having been so careless as to omit the words "for whites only" from the conditions, but was told, by a very high personage it is said, that if Simelane's work "was indisputably the best", it should receive the award. The committee then decided that this prize must be given along with the others, at the public ceremony which would bring this particular part of the celebrations to a close.

For this decision it received a surprising amount of support from the white public; but in certain powerful quarters, there was an outcry against any departure from the "traditional policies" of the country, and a threat that many white prize-winners would renounce their prizes. However a crisis was averted, because the sculptor was "unfortunately unable to attend the ceremony".

"I wasn't feeling up to it," Simelane said mischievously to me. "My parents, and my wife's parents, and our priest, decided that I wasn't feeling up to it. And finally I decided so too. Of course Majosi and Sola and the others wanted me to go and get my prize personally, but I said, 'boys, I'm a sculptor, not a demonstrator'."

"This cognac is wonderful," he said, "especially in these big glasses. It's the first time I've had such a glass. It's also the first time I've drunk a brandy so slowly. In Orlando you develop a throat of iron, and you just put back your head and pour it down, in case the police should arrive."

He said to me, "this is the second cognac I've had in my life.

Would you like to hear the story of how I had my first?"

#

You know the Alabaster Bookshop in von Brandis Street? Well, after the competition they asked me if they could exhibit my AFRICAN MOTHER AND CHILD. They gave a whole window to it, with a white velvet backdrop, if there is anything called white velvet, and some complimentary words.

Well somehow I could never go and look in that window. On my way from the station to the *HERALD* office, I sometimes went past there, and I felt good when I saw all the people standing there; but I would only squint at it out of the corner of my eye.

Then one night I was working late at the *HERALD*, and when I came out there was hardly anyone in the streets, so I thought I'd go and see the window, and indulge certain pleasurable human feelings. I must have got a little lost in the contemplation of my own genius, because suddenly there was a young white man standing next to me.

He said to me, "what do you think of that, mate?" And you know, one doesn't get called "mate" every day.

"I'm looking at it", I said.

"I live near here," he said, "and I come and look at it nearly every night. You know it's by one of your own boys, don't you? See, Edward Simelane."

"Yes, I know."

"It's beautiful," he said. "Look at that mother's head. She's loving that child, but she's somehow watching too. Do you see that? Like someone guarding. She knows it won't be an easy life."

He cocked his head on one side, to see the thing better.

"He got a thousand pounds for it," he said. "That's a lot of money for one of your boys. But good luck to him. You don't get much luck, do you?"

Then he said confidentially, "mate, would you like a drink?"

Well honestly I didn't feel like a drink at that time of night, with a white stranger and all, and a train still to catch to Orlando.

"You know we black people must be out of the city by eleven," I said.

"It won't take long. My flat's just round the corner. Do you speak Afrikaans?"

"Since I was a child," I said in Afrikaans.

"We'll speak Afrikaans then. My English isn't too wonderful. I'm van Rensburg. And you?"

I couldn't have told him my name. I said I was Vakalisa, living in Orlando.

"Vakalisa, eh? I haven't heard that name before."

By this time he had started off, and I was following, but not willingly. That's my trouble, as you'll soon see. I can't break off an encounter. We didn't exactly walk abreast, but he didn't exactly walk in front of me. He didn't look constrained. He wasn't looking round to see if anyone might be watching.

He said to me, "do you know what I wanted to do?"

"No," I said.

"I wanted a bookshop, like that one there. I always wanted that, ever since I can remember. When I was small, I had a little shop of my own." He laughed at himself. "Some were real books, of course, but some of them I wrote myself. But I had bad luck. My parents died before I could finish school."

Then he said to me, "are you educated?"

I said unwillingly, "yes." Then I thought to myself, how stupid, for leaving the question open.

And sure enough he asked, "far?"

And again unwillingly, I said, "far."

He took a big leap. "Degree?"

"Yes."

"Literature?"

"Yes."

He expelled his breath, and gave a long "ah". We had reached his building, Majorca Mansions, not one of those luxurious places. I was glad to see that the entrance lobby was deserted. I wasn't at my ease. I don't feel at my ease in such places, not unless I am protected by friends, and this man was a stranger. The lift was at ground level, marked "Whites Only. Slegs vir Blankes." Van Rensburg opened the door and waved me in. Was he constrained? To this day I don't know. While I was waiting for him to press the button, so that we could get moving and away from that ground floor, he stood with his finger suspended over it, and looked at me with a kind of honest, unselfish envy.

"You were lucky," he said. "Literature, that's what I wanted to do."

He shook his head and pressed the button, and he didn't

speaking again until we stopped high up. But before we got out he said suddenly, "if I had had a bookshop, I'd have given that boy a window too."

We got out and walked along one of those polished concrete passageways, I suppose you could call it a stoep if it weren't so high up, let's call it a passage. On the one side was a wall, and plenty of fresh air, and far down below von Brandis Street. On the other side were the doors, impersonal doors; you could hear radios and people talking, but there wasn't a soul in sight. I wouldn't like living so high; we Africans like being close to the earth. Van Rensburg stopped at one of the doors, and said to me, "I won't be a minute." Then he went in, leaving the door open, and inside I could hear voices. I thought to myself, he's telling them who's here. Then after a minute or so, he came back to the door, holding two glasses of red wine. He was warm and smiling.

"Sorry there's no brandy," he said. "Only wine. Here's happiness."

Now I certainly had not expected that I would have my drink in the passage. I wasn't only feeling what you may be thinking, I was thinking that one of the impersonal doors might open at any moment, and someone might see me in a "white" building, and see me and van Rensburg breaking the liquor laws of the country. Anger could have saved me from the whole embarrassing situation, but you know I can't easily be angry. Even if I could have been, I might have found it hard to be angry with this particular man. But I wanted to get away from there, and I couldn't. My mother used to say to me, when I had said something anti-white, "son, don't talk like that, talk as you are." She would have understood at once why I took a drink from a man who gave it to me in the passage.

Van Rensburg said to me, "don't you know this fellow Simelane?"

"I've heard of him," I said.

"I'd like to meet him," he said. "I'd like to talk to him." He added in explanation, "you know, talk out my heart to him."

A woman of about fifty years of age came from the room beyond, bringing a plate of biscuits. She smiled and bowed to me. I took one of the biscuits, but not for all the money in the world could I have said to her "*dankie, my nooi*," or that disgusting "*dankie, missus*," nor did I want to speak to her in English because her language was Afrikaans, so I took the risk of

and used the word "*mevrou*", for the politeness of which some frikaners would knock a black man down, and I said, in high frikaans, with a smile and a bow too, "*Ek is u dankbaar, mevrou.*"

But nobody knocked me down. The woman smiled and bowed, and van Rensburg, in a strained voice that suddenly came out of nowhere, said, "our land is beautiful. But it breaks my heart."

The woman put her hand on his arm, and said, "Jannie, annie."

Then another woman and a man, all about the same age, came up and stood behind van Rensburg.

"He's a B.A.," van Rensburg told them. "What do you think of that?"

The first woman smiled and bowed to me again, and van Rensburg said, as though it were a matter for grief, "I wanted to give him brandy, but there's only wine."

The second woman said, "I remember, Jannie. Come with me."

She went back into the room, and he followed her. The first woman said to me, "Jannie's a good man. Strange, but good."

And I thought the whole thing was mad, and getting beyond me, with me a black stranger being shown a testimonial for the hon of the house, with these white strangers standing and looking at me in the passage, as though they wanted for God's sake to touch me somewhere and didn't know how, but I saw the earnestness of the woman who had smiled and bowed to me, and said to her, "I can see that, *Mevrou*."

"He goes down every night to look at the statue," she said. "He says only God could make something so beautiful, therefore God must be in the man who made it, and he wants to meet him and talk out his heart to him."

She looked back at the room, and then she dropped her voice a little, and said to me, "can't you see, it's somehow because it's a black woman and a black child?"

And I said to her, "I can see that, *Mevrou*."

She turned to the man and said of me, "he's a good boy."

Then the other woman returned with van Rensburg, and van Rensburg had a bottle of brandy. He was smiling and pleased, and he said to me, "this isn't ordinary brandy, it's French."

He showed me the bottle, and I, wanting to get the hell out of that place, looked at it and saw it was cognac. He turned to

the man and said, "Uncle, you remember? When you were ill? The doctor said you must have good brandy. And the man at the bottle-store said this was the best brandy in the world."

"I must go," I said. "I must catch that train."

"I'll take you to the station," he said. "Don't you worry about that."

He poured me a drink and one for himself.

"Uncle," he said, "what about one for yourself?"

The older man said, "I don't mind if I do," and he went inside to get himself a glass.

Van Rensburg said, "Happiness," and lifted his glass to me. It was a good brandy, the best I've ever tasted. But I wanted to get the hell out of there. I stood in the passage and drank van Rensburg's brandy. Then Uncle came back with his glass and van Rensburg poured him a brandy, and Uncle raised his glass to me too. All of us were full of goodwill, but I was waiting for the opening of one of those impersonal doors. Perhaps they were too, I don't know. Perhaps when you want so badly to touch someone, you don't care. I was drinking my brandy almost as fast as I would have drunk it in Orlando.

"I must go," I said.

Van Rensburg said, "I'll take you to the station." He finished his brandy, and I finished mine too. We handed the glasses to Uncle, who said to me, "good-night my boy." The first woman said, "may God bless you," and the other woman bowed and smiled. Then van Rensburg and I went down in the lift to the basement, and got into his car.

"I told you I'd take you to the station," he said. "I'd take you home, but I'm frightened of Orlando at night."

We drove up Eloff Street, and he said, "did you know what I meant?" I knew that he wanted an answer to something, and I wanted to answer him, but I couldn't, because I didn't know what that something was. He couldn't be talking about being frightened of Orlando at night, because what more could one mean than just that?

"By what?" I asked.

"You know," he said, "about our land being beautiful?"

Yes, I knew what he meant, and I knew that for God's sake he wanted to touch me too and he couldn't; for his eyes had been blinded by years in the dark. And I thought it was a pity, for if men never touch each other, they'll hurt each other one

...y. And it was a pity he was blind, and couldn't touch me, for black men don't touch white men any more; only by accident, when they make something like MOTHER AND CHILD.

He said to me, "what are you thinking?"

I said, "many things", and my inarticulateness distressed me, for I knew he wanted something from me. I felt him fall back, angry, hurt, despairing, I didn't know. He stopped at the main entrance to the station, but I didn't tell him I couldn't go in there. I got out and said to him, "thank you for the sociable evening."

"They liked having you," he said. "Did you see that?"

I said, "yes, I saw that."

He sat slumped in his seat, like a man with a burden of incomprehensible, insoluble grief. I wanted to touch him, but was thinking about the train. He said "good-night" and I said it too. We each saluted the other. What he was thinking, God knows, but I was thinking he was like a man trying to run a race in iron shoes, and not understanding why he cannot move.

When I got back to Orlando, I told my wife the story, and she wept.

THE TOKOLOSH

by Ronald Segal

Illustrated by David Marais

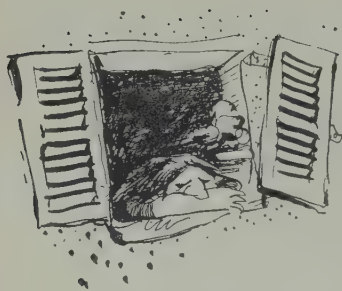
'Africa South' leads the fight against apartheid; the views of its editor need no further description.

"... the white people make all the laws and own all the farms and the factories and the mines and the shops, and have houses with gardens in the front. And this is because they are white. And the black people are not asked which laws are good and which laws are bad, so that they may choose those that are good. But they must do what the white people say. And they are shabby and live many in one room ... they shiver in the sunlight with the hunger that is always inside them. And this is because they are black."

This is how Mr. Segal in this novel simply describes the immoral situation out of which his story grows.

SHEED & WARD

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BOOK REVIEWS

Giving and Receiving: An Adventure in African Medical Practice by Anthony Barker. Published by Faith Press, London, 1959, 18s. Shortly to be issued by Collins as a Fontana Book.

"Whatever benefit we confer upon the peoples of our colonies is no beneficence, but atonement for the terrible sufferings which we white people have been bringing upon them ever since the day on which the first of our ships found its way to their shores." (Schweitzer)

"And if the missionary is judged, as I believe he is judged, not by what he does but by who and what he is; by his willingness to receive as well as to give . . . by his identification with the people among whom he is called to live, it follows that he must study to understand their ways and aspirations in order the more deeply to commit himself . . . His ideals of service, his unrelenting work, the selfless expenditure of his days are meaningless if the desire for this identification is lost. For nothing he can do, by the skill of his hands or the devotion of his life, can ever repay one hundredth part of the damage that, by their arrogance and greed, he and his people have caused." (Barker)

HALF a century divides the worlds which formed them, and halves a continent the spheres in which Dr. Schweitzer and Dr. Barker pursue their craft of medical missionary in Africa. These quotations reveal similar conclusions, but moulded and modified by the different times and circumstances in which their attitudes developed. And it is by the Schweitzer yardstick that any other such enterprise in Africa will be measured.

'Giving and Receiving' is the story of an achievement that triumphantly holds its own in this exacting test. The contrast in characters is striking: Schweitzer, *le grand docteur*, aloof

ent, authoritarian, embarking—in his prime and backed by an established three-fold fame—upon his life work; Barker, young, extrovert, actively interested in people, his whole professional experience a brief war-time assignment as ship's doctor; but each of them accompanied by a highly qualified helpmate. The homespun, puritan plainness of Schweitzer is, to some degree, typified in his remarks to a recent visitor. "I hate comfort. I hate good manners". And one understands what superficialities he condemns. But Barker could not say this; an oddly old-world courtesy among Europeans passes easily into the observance of the complex Zulu forms, and, while able to accept greater discomfort than most, the good things of life he appreciates.

A world apart, also, are these two in motives: Dr. Schweitzer setting with a planned and calculated dedication, shaped and subservient to his developing philosophy; Dr. Barker, in order to marry the sooner, romantically and impulsively shouldering his bride's obligation (in return for her medical training) to serve five years as a missionary, and finding, in the course of the years, his own dedication.

So, too, the geographical conditions in which the work is done: the hot, riverine forests of Lambaréné, proliferous and enervating; the wind-blown Zulu uplands, where drought and water shortage are a hospital's most troublesome distractions.

The differences in generation, character and locale engender a significant divergence in the doctors' attitudes to the African. "I am your brother, it is true, but an elder brother," says Schweitzer, in the old paternalist tradition. And it is said that he knows no African language, has little experience of other parts of Africa and meets no African politicians or intellectuals who might modify his views. Dr. Barker, on the other hand, tries to speak (and insists on being spoken to) in a pure Zulu, is easily informal with his patients and eager to meet and exchange view with all degrees of Africans.

The equatorial people seem more primitive, or have been less sympathetically presented by Dr. Schweitzer, than the Zulus Dr. Barker reveals them, striving to come to terms with the changing world. Schweitzer's obsession, noted by many observers, with thieving and his insistence on the locking up of everything, bedroom doors included, contrasts unexpectedly with this other hospital where all doors stand open and (a memory persists) a tin of cash lay a live-long day, open on a busy verandah

with a paper and pencil beside it for the noting of additions or subtractions.

'Giving and Receiving' is an important contribution to the literature of race relations. Written with leisured urbanity and good-humour, and infused with a deep compassion, its intelligent reflection of the evils of our South African social system is more telling than much of the bitter writing that comes from Africa to-day.

Here is an account of 14 years in which the Charles Johnson Memorial Hospital, in Zululand, has developed from a lantern-lighted outpost, housed in a converted store, to an organisation equipped to serve some 40,000 widely scattered people. Ten clinics, at some of which 100 patients may be seen in a day, bring each of these people fortnightly within a 7 mile walk of a doctor. At a dusty cross-roads, the brightly colour-washed buildings which form the complex of this 400-bed hospital lie scattered on green lawns and confined by a hedge of white gardenias, the antithesis of the noisy confusion of its equatorial prototype ("the most unkempt place of its kind I saw in Africa," thought Gunther).

A great part of the achievement has been the building up of a large staff of black and white, whose co-operative effort has in turn made the achievement possible. But much of the success is undoubtedly due to the Barkers' own willingness (which infects the staff) to put their hands to any job—whether it is laying bricks, cleaning sewers or hemming sheets—combined with a shrewd instinct of how to tap all available official sources of money and the talent of appealing to public generosity. "There are not a few men and women who will answer the call to build wards, but most rare are those benefactors who ask no questions and require no memorial but a set of anonymous but infinitely prized W.C.s."

In a casual sequence, Dr. Barker recalls events and characters and so evokes a picture of the life of the high dry grasslands where his work is set and of the people living there, still rooted in a tribalism now subjected to the insistent onslaught of modern economics. In his accounts of personalities he obliquely reflects the forces—race laws, economic pressures and social attitudes—which govern their lives and are shaping the wider South African society. He illustrates, for example, how the efficacy of modern drugs in the treatment of tuberculosis is off-set by the reluctance of patients, who simply cannot afford to stop working without

welfare assistance for their dependents, to remain long enough in a hospital for cure to be complete. Syphilis is now also responsive to treatment, but impossible to control in the existing unstable economic and social conditions. The erosive evil of migratory labour is seen in a fresh perspective; there, a short way down the road from the hospital, is the recruiting depot for the mines and, large across the façade, the attractive invitation in Zulu: "Lovers of cattle, lovers of money, here is the easy way to the City of Gold. Here is the office." And to the City of Gold in great numbers they go, leaving, to struggle in poverty, the women, "who have few other ways of expressing their loving natures save in the physical process of reproduction . . . Out of the chill prospect of almost continual separation is born the inescapable need for the satisfactions of frequent and repeated child-birth, drawn out by suckling into months of full warm affectionate living." There is the mother, in tears at the birth of a son: "I so wanted a girl. Now I've a boy and he'll have to leave me so soon and I'll never see him again"—a poignant reality in this Africa of migrant labour, pass laws, restricted movement and farm prisons.

The narrative is richly peopled—individuals emerging, not as case-histories or anthropological specimens, but as human beings and as such regarded. There is the old Chief, son of Cetshwayo, taken to hospital to die of dropsy, but maintaining to the end something of the autocratic state of a past age; Ntuli, Department of Health employee, who gave the newcomer his first clinical instruction in leprosy and his first lesson in horse-riding and who, after attempting to murder under provocation, shot himself, but not before arranging the repayment of a £5 debt; Mlambo, dispenser-driver, who taught the doctor to drive a motor-car and gave him his first Zulu lessons. Recalling the girl who excused her lover's attack on her—"It was only a little axe he used"—Dr. Barker pays tribute to the "justice tempered by understanding with a liberal allowance of mercy" shown in the local courts in this type of case, the outcome of an 'impetuous attitude to the whole of life'. There is a passing glimpse of the missionary-baiting white ladies: "'Are they grateful for all you do for them?' Margaret sighed. 'They come when they are ill,' she said simply."

Margaret is always a presence in the story, not assertive, any more than in real life, but a presence with authority, whether she is "efficiently and dispassionately" drawing off a pint of her

husband's blood for an urgent transfusion or, after a difficult night delivery, creeping back into bed, smelling of a "proprietary disinfectant", or searching her memory to soothe a deeply wounded nurse who insisted that Dr. Margaret had called her 'darky,' whereas in fact, as she dealt with a patient she had urgently commanded, "Hold the arm for me, duckie."

Frequently the difficulties of over-strung race relations have to be sorted out. It was Dr. Barker himself who needed to be consoled by George, his African intern, of whom a passing 'tsotsi' rudely asked what he hoped to gain by talking in friendship with a white man. "'Don't worry, Anthony, he was only a good-for-nothing corner boy,' but I was not comforted."

A critic has said that Lambaréné is more important to Schweitzer than Schweitzer to Lambaréné. This is probably true and, on a more profound evaluation, it should be true of everyone doing creative work which will, after he is gone from the scene, continue a life of its own, though perhaps in different and unexpected form. Of this Dr. Barker is aware, devoting some space to discussion of what he calls the "self-limiting task" of the missionary. "Individually, then, the mission doctor is of little account and his hospital unlikely in future to retain even the local importance that it had in the past . . . Just as the whole missionary movement, with its insistence on the building up of an indigenous ministry, has within itself the seeds of its own ending."

The conclusion he draws from his 14 years as a missionary is: "However you view your fellow-men . . . you have still to live with them as your neighbours. This book tells of an attempt to restore this lost sense of neighbourliness . . . For my own part, if anything good has been garnered, it owes more to what I have been taught than to what I have been able to teach, more to what I have received from these tough, humorous and astute people than to what I have been able to give."

It is this appreciation, without arrogance or patronage, of the people for whom, among whom and, especially, with whom he works that gives this "adventure in African medical practice" a success, a significance and, possibly, an endurance that Dr. Barker's high medical qualifications and the hospital's modern equipment alone would not yield.

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